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CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 45.

CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1923.

As the Dancing Pirouette Ended, She Flung the Flowers Up in the Air and Let Them Rain Down Upon Her Laughing Face.

The PEARL GROWER'S LOVE

by ALVAH MILTON KERR

HOLYOKE came out of the little mountain tavern and took the road southward. The yellow glory of the morning was upon the hills. He began whistling. At a bend in the road he stopped; in the east the sun seemed bursting from under the ground, a mighty, swift-blossoming rose of fire. He ceased whistling, looked dreamily a moment at the vast map of dawn-tinted landscape, then sat down upon a log, got materials out of a portfolio, and began making a water-color sketch of the scene.

He was a slim, sinewy fellow of medium height, with a finely molded head and face. His checked blouse, silk negligee shirt and plaid cap indicated that the Ozark foothills were hardly his common habitat. Presently he paused in his work, held his brush suspended, and listened. Up out of the wood on his right a voice came singing, high and nasal, but joyous as the birds. The young man looked off into the wood. Along a path that crossed the ridge and entered the road south of him, a girl came walking rapidly. She was carrying a great bunch of yellow marsh-flowers. A blue sunbonnet hung back from her head, and she walked with face lifted, singing up into the trees.

The artist drew in his breath and watched her. Not a hundred feet from him she stopped in a grass-plot, and, singing at the top of her voice, lifted herself upon her toes and spun round with the flowers extended at arm's length. She seemed intoxicated with the morning air and the blood of youth bounding in her veins. As the dancing pirouette ended she flung the flowers up in the air and let them rain down upon her laughing face; then shaking them off and the ringlets away from her shining eyes, went lightly down the road and out of view.

Holyoke fetched a low whistle of astonishment and sat staring. After a moment he took a pencil and sketch-book from his pocket and began committing to paper the scene he had witnessed. As he worked, the light of the plain changed in tone and flowed over hill and mountain and left the world white with day. When he turned again to his study of the dawn the tints were dead, but he began softly humming a tune; a more alluring picture had been born in his brain.

After a time, with the portfolio under his arm, he walked on down the road. When he had gone a half mile or more he came to a rail fence which, swaying from side to side, zigzagged forward under a load of vines. Below the fence on the hill-side spread a thin orchard of apple trees, punctured here and there with blossoming peach trees like purple torches. Sounds of animal life were abroad in the air, and presently he came to a depleted woodpile, a long litter of chips, and an ax sticking in a chopping-block. Beyond the fence in a clump of oaks stood a log house with a "lean-to" at the rear.

A rude, uncovered porch extended along the front of the building, and upon this porch sat a lank-bodied, weather-beaten man with a churn between his knees. A gingham apron, spattered with cream, covered the front of his person, and his chin rested on the top of the handle of the churn dash. His eyes were closed and an expression of great solemnity elongated his mournful countenance. Involuntarily Holyoke paused and contemplated the spectacle. As he did so, the girl whom he had seen in the woodland came out the door with a broom in her hand.

"Well, Pa?" she queried, smiling.

"Swan," drawled the old man, solemnly, and without opening his eyes,

(Continued on Page 7.)

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TELL ME YOUR PROBLEM

PEGGY PARSONS

A word of counsel when the heart is in it May clear a year of trouble in a minute.

DEAR MISS PARSONS: I am a weekly reader of the Chicago Ledger and I always look for your letters of advice to girls, altho I am a young mother 19 years old and have a sweet little baby 10 months old. I want to ask your advice. My husband is very jealous over me and he accuses me of going with other men, when I never give one a thought. He has a cousin that comes over every summer and he seems to take up all his time with her. As I am very teadcherarted, it hurts me very much and he danced with her, when he knows I never liked for him to dance. He seems to love the baby and me. I don't know, it doesn't look as if he does. He tells me he loves me more than any one else and I love my husband, but they tell me I love him too much. But, Dear Miss Parsons, I don't seem to be so glad to see him when he comes home as I used to. However, I do all I can for him. Do you think I am learning to love him less? My people didn't want me to marry the one I did because he drank. But he is quite as good as any one anything we want. As my mother has been dead for fifteen years I thought I would come to you for advice. Now, my husband knows I am jealous over him, so what can I do to make him think I am learning to cure less for him? My husband went away last summer and stayed a few days and I didn't know where he was. He went again this summer for six weeks and I didn't hear a word. He loves for me to pet him and make over him when he comes home, but I never give him a thought. I talk to him about the way he does and he only says, "Well, dear, if I love you best why should you worry?" If it weren't for the baby I am sure I would have left him long ago, but I am afraid I could not raise her right, as I have worked only at housework. My husband begs me not to write to his cousin, and says that he doesn't love her. Do you think he does?

A BROKEN-HEARTED WIFE AND MOTHER.

Jealousy has caused more unhappiness than anything else in the world. I believe, and when one looks back they can see how foolish they were to have such misery upon themselves when it could have been avoided. Surely you wouldn't want your husband to cease loving his relatives. His love for his cousin is not the same love that he offers you. Be reasonable and see that much and you will be better able to avoid future happiness. Of course, your husband loves your baby, and for his or her sake alone, you two should find happiness together. Your husband has declared his love for you and still you do not believe he loves you. Next time he tells you this, you might ask him to show you by his actions. Be a companion and pal to him and surely he will not seek companion and pal elsewhere. Do not leave him until it is absolutely necessary, as your child needs both a mother and a father. Show him that a devoted sweetheart as well as wife you are to him by being congenial. Try to like the things he likes and he will soon find more interest at home than anywhere else. Forget the cousin and you will soon be happier.

Dear Miss Parsons: I have read your advice to others, but have never found my problem. Will you please give me your best advice and I think I shall not be disappointed. I have very dark complexion and dark hair. My complexion used to look clear, bright and rosy, but now it looks sallow and swarthy. Would appreciate it very much if you would tell me how I can obtain the complexion I once had. Also, Miss Parsons, please tell me whether you think that bobbed hair would look good as long as it be in this condition. My age is 20 and I am married. I have a sweet baby boy 5 months old. I have no weight in twenty-four pounds. Now, if you don't like the idea of my wearing bobbed hair please tell me of some way to arrange it to look good. Also, tell me how to make my hair wavy and curly.

QUESTIONNAIRE.

To have a rosy and bright complexion, it is first very necessary to get plenty of pure, fresh air. So often a person's complexion will become "sallow and swarthy" as you say, by not keeping their system clean. Drink plenty of water, at least six glasses a day and eat an abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables, to avoid constipation. But, most of all, get that fresh air by taking long walks and sleep in a room with plenty of open windows. Do not bob your hair merely to have it become thicker, as any number of girls have done so and been sadly disappointed. However, I do not say that it will not do it good to have it cut, because I know of any number of instances where it helped wonderfully, but do not cut it with the thought in mind that you will immediately get a long and lustrous crop of hair. Massage the scalp and brush the hair regularly and use a good tonic. Avoid ruffing the hair, which causes it to break off. Unless you were blessed at birth with wavy and curly hair, I know of no way to make it this way without resorting to curlers or an iron, or having a permanent wave put in your hair by an expert. Comb your hair high if your face is full, thereby giving it height, and if the face is long or narrow fluff the hair on the sides to give it the desired effect. I am so glad you seem to be so happy with your young son.

Dear Miss Parsons: We are girls 14 and 16. Please answer a few questions for us. Is there any way to remove deep scars from the face? How can you remove blackheads? A harmless way to remove dandruff? How do you make the whites of your fingers appear? When a girl has met a young gentleman is it proper to correspond with him? When I am dancing with any certain fellow my face becomes red and hot; how shall I overcome this? When I am playing games I often say things which hurt my friends' feelings when I become angry? Do you know of any reminder?

BUDDY AND BOBBY.

If you are contemplating the removal of any deep scars from the face first consult a reliable physician in to a reputable facial specialist. They will be glad to tell you if the scars can be removed. Blackheads are easily removed if the face is kept scrupulously clean by using a good facial soap and cleansing cream and keeping the system in a healthy condition. Eat fruits and fresh vegetables and drink plenty of water, and avoid taking patent medicines and rich candies for a while. If constant brushing of the hair and massaging of the scalp does not remove dandruff it is advisable to use a good tonic upon the scalp. Do you mean the "moons" on your fingernails, when you refer to the white on your fingers? If so, these will appear if you push back the cuticle on the nail by using a small stick or match which has been rolled in cotton at the end and dipped in olive oil or vaseline. If you have been properly introduced to a gentleman I see no harm in corresponding with him, providing he is the sort of young man with whom you care to associate. Does your face become red from embarrassment when you dance, or is it from some physical ailment? If it is the former, you should try to overcome this by being natural and by creating that "at home" mood. If it is the latter, you should see your family physician as a rug burn is some slight ailment that dancing will not cure. If you hurt the feelings of your friends when you are playing games with them, you should merely think twice before speaking once, that will save you all hard feelings and embarrassing moments.

Dear Miss Parsons: I am a 14-year-old high school girl. My weight is about 175 pounds, and that is more than I wish to weigh. Will you please tell what exercises I ought to take to reduce my weight without using drugs? What exercises do you recommend for me? I would like to know what would take freckles off. Thanking you for your kind attention.

If you weigh 175 pounds you are most overweight and should begin at your young age to reduce. You should get an abundance of exercises, beginning not too strenuously, but by taking it by degrees. The best exercise is, of course, walking. Along with this there should be bending and deep breathing exercises, and if you are not careful in eating the rope moderately will help take off those extra pounds. If you care to have more explicit directions of exercises, kindly send me a self-addressed stamped envelope and I shall send them. Of course, you will be going with the exercises if you care to see a change very soon. Freckles are hard to remove. Some fade away, but the easier prevented than removed. Some skins are more susceptible than others to the sun's rays and a good use of a coating of cold cream on the face before it is exposed to the sun will work wonders in a large measure. Be a little patient now and the cool weather will clear up those memories of this summer.

My Dear Miss Parsons: I have been a cowboy all my life until recently. After being in Chicago three months I have not become acquainted with any boy or girl friends. Please tell me how I shall go about it. E. M.

The easiest way to make the acquaintance of boys and girls is to attend some church where you will find many opportunities of meeting people. Nearly every church has a young people's league and I am sure you could find just the friendships for which you are seeking.

He Did Not Need One.

"Have you any valentines?" asked a country-looking man, as he entered a book store with a horse whip in his hand.

"Why, man, you must wait until February," was the answer.

"But I want a valentine. I am going to marry a widow and want to send her a valentine. I want something on it about cherubs and love. I want the best one you've got."

"Would you go as far as ten dollars for one left over from last year?" was asked.

"Yes, double that. Get it ready and I'll buy it to-morrow."

The customer was as good as his word, and arrived on time, and said:

"The widow was married this morning, but that husband of hers, darn his buttons, can buy her all the valentines, as I won't buy her any. No, I don't need any, and am much obliged to you for your trouble."

He went out whistling.

A Business "Blind."

Office Boy—The boss can't see any one today.

Caller—Oh, well, tell him I hope his blindness is only temporary.

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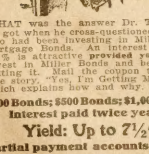

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BOYS

Dream from actual photograph of student doing spare time electrical work

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How would you like to earn two or three dollars every evening after school and prepare yourself for a fine big job at the same time? Here's the opportunity of a lifetime for you fellows who like Electricity. Begin right now to prepare yourself for a regular man's size job in this fascinating field. Your chances for a big success are simply wonderful—the pay is big ($70 to $200 a week) and advancement comes swift and sure.

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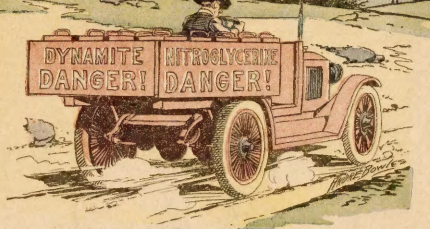
Look What This Boy Is Doing

"Ralph is the fellow I wrote to about. He is a corker. He is now pretty busy with his electrical work. I keep him busy with my electrical work myself."—Adv. Copyrighted.

"I forgot to tell you I am now in business for myself. Am doing fine. Have all the work I can handle and now have all the tools I need. Have also installed an electric motor in this town. Am busy as a bee

The HELL WAGON

by WINIFRED KIMBALL AND FRANCES DURHAM



FOREWORD:

THE Hell Wagon is the name which is given to that automobile, or cart, which conveys the nitroglycerin from the railroad to the oil fields; where many wells are fired, and where six or seven unsuccessful ones are shot before a "gusher" is obtained. Hence, much dynamite is used.

These cars are always avoided as most dangerous, and no one will ignorantly meddle with them. Each car is painted bright red, and the words "Danger!" "Nitroglycerin" and "Dynamite" are inscribed in letters of white all over the back and sides of the car.

Jacob Nelson had handled these dangerous cars for the Flowing Gold Company for the six years of that corporation's existence. Of late, every one attached to the company's pay roll felt that the Hell Wagons were the property of Old Shaky Jake. He had never had an accident.

PART I.

"That tender word forgotten,
The letter you didn't send."

THE above couplet, Shakey Jake warbled. David's partner was never as happy as when his heavy baritone was chanting some old hymn or love song. Now, as his beloved pony picked his way along the miserable road, which led toward town, he chanted for all the world like a melancholy thrush.

The mare paused; for they had come to the parting of the ways. Here the highway split. One road led directly to the town, while the other made a detour and took in the camp of the Flowing Gold Oil Company.

After an instant spent in consideration, Shakey Jake took the road which led directly toward town. It was the shortest way; and suffering as he was, he wanted to get there at once.

Jacob Nelson pressed his hand to the right side of his face. The pain was almost intolerable. He slipped his fingers into his vest pocket, pulled out several pellets and chewed them up. When the pain was as intense as this, one side of Jake's face would twitch and jerk. Those who knew him could always tell when he suffered; for they knew just why his face twitched; so with the others—they only found reason for laughter in his pain. Some really witty man among these boobs had dubbed him "Shakey Jake."

Tonight this nervous trouble was at its worst. It was almost unbearable. "D—n this! It's meaner than a sand fly! Gee, but it hurts!"

There was a pause, while Jake waited to get some effect from the pellet. "Sweet Child" meandered along, nosing farther into the wayside hedge and nipping at some sprouts of alfalfa.

"The flowers you never sent, dear, are your haunting ghosts tonight."

The song went out on an aspiring climb for a high note. "Look out, you ordinary daughter of a bronco. You almost ditched me—and when I've spent plenty of my perfectly good time dolling up so as to do Dave credit. Get on, you good-for-nothing little ol' horse."

Again he slapped the smooth flank of uncomplaining "Sweet Child." "Go on!" the rider ordered, while she sauntered on in perfect peace.

It was an unusual trip for both rider and mare. Old Shakey Jake Nelson seldom went to town after supper; but the whole world had been upset for these two friends when Leila came to Arizona to teach. Tonight was a banner occasion. For a new schoolhouse had been erected, and this very evening there was to be a wonderful housewarming, celebrating that fact; and, also, honoring the little school-teacher, to whose untiring efforts the success of the present building was due.

This evening David was escorting the school-teacher, and Shakey had loaned

"This Here Is a Stick of T. N. T. If You Don't Clear Out, All of You Young Ones, and I Mean You, Too, Mam! This Stick Might Chance to Go Off—It's That Perticular."

him the Hell Wagon. It was swept, washed and garnished until even Dave acknowledged that it was worthy of his lady-love. For Dave was head-over-heels in love with the pretty puritan. All thru the year his passion had grown. It started when he saw Leila teaching the kids, and protecting the health of their bodies. They were uninteresting. They were the neglected offspring of this wild and woolly State.

Men all the world over are the same. There is not one full-blooded man who does not feel his heartstrings throb when he sees a woman—a pretty woman in particular—nurse and care for a child. Put an average good-looking girl in the center of a bunch of kids, who all appear to like her—and there won't be one man among the spectators who does not assert that she is most beautiful—while many will say something about the Madonna.

Leila had succeeded in turning the heads of most of the town men. The majority of her would-be admirers were married—so Leila was allowed to become the affiance of David. There was not a man in the county who dreamed that David's partner, dear old Jake Nelson, loved Leila. No one suspected. That was Jake's secret. He loved her with that wonderful, unselfish love that dwells in the hearts of big, ungainly men like Jake Nelson.

It was a love that was immeasurably greater than that of many who were by far wiser than he. He loved only two people. They made his world. One was his partner, David, and the other was the woman whom David had chosen.

There had been just one quarter of an hour when these two friends had been rivals. That was on the evening after Miss Pridgeon had first visited their ranch. David had brought her out. He had shown her all about the place. But Jake had taken her back home. He had driven the Hell Wagon. He was careful, because there was a load on; but he had held her up in his arms when she got down before her boarding-house—held her weight—and he was thinking of the sweetness of her, when later on he entered their house.

David was sitting up. Jake wondered why. He soon found out, for David told him. It was David, Bathsheba and Uriah all over—only for five minutes it was David's life that trembled on the balance of the scale. Then Jake's great love overcame all else. He was ready to sacrifice more than his life for his friend.

There are those who tell us that nothing surpasses the love of women; but there is a passion that eclipses all the others, and it is a real man's love for a fellowman. Jake Nelson loved David with an unconquerable love. He proved the strength of this affection when he placed his big hand on David's shoulder and said: "I'm glad that you have won the little schoolma'm."

The most wonderful part of it was that really and truly Jake was glad. As he let his pony take its way along the road that evening, Jake was recalling the several scenes that led up to this reunion. First there was the affair at the dilapidated building that was serving as county school. It was crowded to capacity.

There were plenty of children in this township. When prosperity abandons a locality the stork doubles his attentions. Perhaps the olive branches are sent as a consolation. The sight of a child's snub nose pressed against the window pane of an Oil Town shack, when the boom was on, would have caused remark. Now, that the boom was as dead as the proverbial doornail, and prosperity had vanished, the kids were everywhere.

David Olney had taken a course at the State Medical School; when he returned he had remarked the many neglected and undernourished children who played at large. He it was who first enlisted the interest of the faculty of his own college—then he got the whole matter placed before the Governor and the State school board. With this publicity a school was started; and David was interested.

For altho hard times had forced him to abandon his profession, what he had learned up State made him eager for each child's health. So it came about that with wise old Jake Nelson's support, the school was established. Pretty Leila Pridgeon Thayer was their first schoolmistress. She found many things lacking in the new school.

She went to David and Jake, whenever the children's needs could not be filled thru the effort of their feeble Parents' and Teachers' Association, which she had soon started. Thus their acquaintance grew; for she often called upon these two friends.

It was not at all in line with David's preconceived plans, that he should fall in love just at this time. He was in with Jake, who owned more than half of the ranch. Truly, no one was any more astonished than David was; but what can a fellow do when he stumbles upon the prettiest woman in the world and finds that her heart is as tender as her face is beautiful?

Usually, Leila Pridgeon felt her importance. She was a most independent young person. She gave orders, instead of asking for favors. She was as pretty

and as plump as a partridge in autumn.

She loved her work. She loved the independence it gave her. Why, whenever her work was in question, she was as saucy as a city sparrow. But, her birdlike characteristics did not stop there; for she had a mother-bird's building tendencies. Drop her in the Great Desert, and she would start fluttering around searching for twigs and straws to build her nest.

Both Leila and David would always remember how very miserable, wet and rainy a Friday afternoon it was when David's malady started. He was riding by the old shack, that then was the schoolhouse. It was one of the older boys who raced out and called him in. When he entered he found Leila hugging a shrieking baby of 6 in her arms. One of the child's legs dangled in an unnatural way. It was broken.

When she saw David, Leila's eyes overflowed, and she handed the patient over to him. Why, this awful old schoolhouse is so rickety that the steps collapsed under the weight of the marauding children, and this poor baby fell under it. And I am going to send her back to her mother to have her face washed.

Leila raised her big gray eyes to his. They were swimming in tears. "I think his leg is broken."

It was David's limited medical knowledge had discovered a compound fracture. As the only doctor was a bricklayer mason, and as he was away laying the bricks of the State's new capitol, such knowledge as was David's alone stood between the toddler and the loss of his leg, or at best a life-time lameness.

David started to do his best. While he worked Leila fought off the irate mother, whom some well-meaning child had unfortunately hurried upon the scene.

It became a battle royal between them all. "Are you think you are going to tie up my baby in a double sandwich of them boards? Well, you ain't, and so that's that. You can whittle all you want, David Olney, but this little angel is mine! And I ain't going to have you practicing any of your old fashion up-State tricks on my kid! I don't care if you learned it th them six months which you spent up-State. Get out of my way."

She hit him one before she stopped squalling. Next, she whirled on Leila. She shot her spinning across the room. When the children saw their beloved teacher scattering benches and desks, as she whirled, like a dust devil, down the length of the room, they howled. The kid's mother ceased screaming. She was conserving her energy.

Luckily, Jacob Nelson was driving the loaded Hell Wagon out to the Flowing Gold Camp. He heard the turmoil so he stopped his car at a safe distance and ran to David's assistance. He caught the spinning figure of the little fighter. The mother grabbed at David's throat. She had the clutch of an octopus.

Jake gringed. He comprehended instantly. He did not need David's imploring cry, "For God's sake, Shakey, get the mother away. I can't hurt the little fellow's leg if she will only turn me loose."

Leila frowned, for Shakey turned his back upon the tumult in the schoolroom, and it would seem as if he had abandoned them for he walked back toward the car. He called to the figure of Leila's face. She tho't he had deserted them, and her mouth took a downward droop. It resembled the face of a grief-stricken baby.

Then, back came old Shakey, who never abandoned any one in distress; only this time his face was impressive. In his hand he held six sticks of dynamite. "Scatchuh, everybody." he drawled.

"This here is a stick of T. N. T. If you don't clear out, it will blow you ones; and I mean you, too, mam, this stick might chance to go off. It's that perticular!"

Every child vanished. The kid's mother shut her mouth upon a half-uttered shriek. Leila smiled. She was very thoroly frightened lady to Jake, she assisted David. After that the setting of the bone went on easily, while the mother stood on the doorstep.

When the whiff of ether reached the poor mother's nostrils she fainted in Jake's hands, and Jacob, seeing that her grief was sincere, explained. "There ain't a need to send for you to worry, mam. I've seen Dave set the legs of a sheep, a hog and a critter horse. All these is doing well. Dave will make this kid's leg as good as new. Steady now, that's only ether that keeps him hollering."

Leila was comforting the frightened child. "Come honey! It's only doctor's camphor. You smell it, and you'll feel so good."

The child obeyed. "It's nice," he murmured. "I'm going up in feathers."

Leila smiled. Jake's manoeuvre had saved the occasion—and the child's leg. The accident sent David skyrocketing in the community's esteem.

It also insured the building of the new schoolhouse. Now, it was completed—only the furnishings remained to be purchased.

AS THE schoolhouse prospered and grew, so did the love affair that had its beginning when David set his first compound fracture. It had been carried on so quietly that Jake had allowed his own heart to bourgeon into a late bloom. She was as sweet, as saucy, and as sure of her small self, that the whole of her was irresistable to a big, silent man like Jake.

Now he had learned that her love was not for him; but he determined that he should possess himself of her friendship. Even as an old half-sick man like Jake, with an incurable pain gnawing at the back of his skull, could and would hold the love of these two. As they were the dearest things in all the world to him, he would so live that he should add to their happiness. These should marry. These two whom he loved.

In time they would have a child—they might call it "Jacob."

He had gotten as far as this in his musings, when he realized that Sweet Child had been traveling for a long time, and behold, he had come to the river's ford. Here she hesitated. Sweet Child was really David's saddle horse. Jake's old stallion was used on the ranch. Today's work had been most strenuous, so that was the reason why Leila had offered his partner the Hell Wagon, and that was why David was driving his finances in all style, up to the big house-warming.

The exchange was just another example of Jake's generosity. It also counted for "Sweet Child's" skittishness. The little mare was more accustomed to David's hand on the rein, and she preferred his seat in the saddle. But the other "critters" had worked too hard that day upon the fields. So Jake dreamed on, and as he dreamed he let Dave's gentle horse go her own way.

"You ain't got no cause to grouch, Sweet Child," Your master ain't slighting you—even if he is courting Miss Leila."

Jake tweeked her off ear. He grinned. "She is jealous. I had no call to tell her." And he started singing. "Haunting ghosts tonight."

Jake glanced about. He saw nothing of the surroundings for he was worried. Leila did not like him. But would her resignation then Old Jake could help. He would give her all his savings to spend. He loved Leila's home instinct. He would help her build her nest. She was dreaming of all the pretty things she could do to make the ranch cozy. If Jake helped her get them she would grow to like him. He would have to be a clever old other man who read her thoughts. She would buy new curtains; a bed; a morris chair—the world knew it; and aluminum for the kitchen. To her mind their old ranch house, that had seemed such a comfortable home to Jake and David, was forlorn and ugly. She would change all that, when Dave brought her back in October. And if she could use Jake's money to do this thing, she would be grateful. So Jake thought.

Leila had no thought of abandoning the good work that she had started in Oil City. No indeed. The school was there. Next, in order came a church. It must be a church of her sectarianism. She had decided on a huge pump, the particular piece of the Lord's business, long before Dave had pressed her engagement ring down into the third finger of her left hand. It was a qualnt circle of cabochon garnets, which had been his mother's.

She had been visiting the ranch, and she was standing on the front steps when this ceremony was accomplished. It was after her lover had kissed her hand and then transferred his attention to her two warm fresh lips, that she asked, "Jacob Nelson will move into town before we get back, I suppose?"

When Leila saw the blank, puzzled look that spread over her lover's face, she checked her speech. "Why, Honey Bunch!" David murmured. "Old Shakey is my Pal."

He waited, but her eyes were uncomprehending. "Jake and I have gone fifty-fifty on everything. The whole place was his at first."

He patted the hand that wore his ring. "You will like old Jake, once you know him. I'm certain of that."

Now Leila was not so sure. She doubted the truth of her lover's statement. But here was plenty of time to work her will upon her lover, so she was silent. This silence ought to have warned David. It did not however, for he was foolishly certain of her love.

"Why of course, David, I'll do my best to make him comfortable. I only thought that Shakey Jake, as you call him, would not be at ease in a house consecrated to God's service. He swears dreadfully. Remember the awful words he used the day you set my scholar's leg?"

David laughed aloud. "Why, that was in order to tame the old lioness. You'll like my partner. I know it."

"If I can help him, I'd love to do so." Then she held up her chin, and he bent down and kissed her pretty face. She kissed him back. That was the end of there first misunderstanding.

All this had happened during the spring term. Now it was summer and school was over. After tonight's festival in the new school house, Leila was leaving for her home in New England. In September, David would go after her. He would bring her back as his wife.

So Shakey Jake Found Her, Lying by the Door, With One Hand Clinging to the Knob.

OLD SHAKEY was reviewing these happenings. Sweet Child meandered along the road that led to town. She picked her way daintily thru the mud that grew worse and worse, as they approached the River's Ford. The miserable condition of the ford was the most undesirable of the several faults that Leila had discovered as a part of her lover's ranch.

To reach Oil City, you must cross the river. On the road that made the closest connection with Oil Town, there was a change that highway fanciers usually traveled. This ford road was longer and not in as good condition, but Sweet Child, being a lady, Dave Olney's child waded amicably across the ford. She liked the feel of the water. But tonight the river was unusually high, because of the cloudburst.

Already, the nervous mare had heard the whir of the rushing water. She balked upon the margin of the flooded stream. Shakey grinned up.

Nelson had spent much of his life alone with the critter and their ponies. He loved them. Long ago, he had formed the habit of talking to his horse. "Now, take it easy, Sweet Child," he admonished.

Usually the horses understood and met him half way. He was known to say, that the dog can teach us human's a lot about faithfulness. They want to do your bidding. It ain't for the trying that they fail. Once you convince them that you are a reasonable fellow they will back up your move."

So now, when Jake realized that Sweet Child was afraid—that she had never seen so much water as was now plunging along the once sandy river bed—he cajoled her. He bent over, and whispered in her quivering ear. "Now, take it easy, Sweet Child."

He went on. "That's what them thick clouds meant when they kept hugging the Western hills. I suspicioned as much. It was a sure enough cloudburst; for here's the water all right."

He jerked the reins and patted her neck. "Go on, you fool female critter. You ain't even thinking of joining the Baptists."

He waited. "I see it coming. There ain't no telling what a wife will do to us. I've been considerably scared of Leila's eyes. I don't know what church she has chosen; but it may be a Baptist. If it is you might just as well get used to water."

Then he ordered, "Git up! It won't hurt you none to get your pretty hide wet! So git up and git in." He struck her with the switch he carried.

Still she balked. Jake careened her head about, as if she wanted to explain and excuse her inability to do her friend's bidding; but all his eloquence only made her prance along the river's bank. After they had executed several intricate dance steps, in which Sweet Child put the French ballet to shame, old Shakey Jake surrendered.

"Well, I'll be swan!" He swore softly and he threw away the switch.

Then Sweet Child tirted her head. She had caught sight of Jake, and she shied away from the river's brink. She turned about. She faced for home. It was evident that she was really alarmed. Shaky heaved a big sigh. "In course, I could force you, but I ain't got the heart to force critters, especially if they's women. Life will be sure to do that for 'em all."

He dismounted and reviewed the situation. He saw what he must do.

He began to undress. All the time he scolded Sweet Child. "You ornimary critter—you air really scared, else I'd force you into that creek!"

Again, "I could wait right here for the freshet to run out, but I promised that I'd mail our letter accepting Louis' offer for oil rights. It must go straight to the station, if it is to catch the eastbound express."

"Then the Oil Town Drilling Co. wants more 'soup.' I'll bid the boys to have it ready in the morning. I'll sleep in town this night and Dave can take our girl home, then leave me the hell wagon, while he returns on this or-nary, good-for-nothing, fool horse."

He said these last words slowly, as if he wanted them to sink into Sweet Child's brain, and she nipped him gently as if she was offering her best apologies. Then she pranced about him as a dog invites a frolic. He gave a jump, and grabbed the dying mane of his shying horse. "Hold on you fool-loose female! I ain't carrying one mite of T. N. T."

By now Shaky Jake had removed all his clothing. That is to say, he wore only the white cross bar unmentionables which all self-respecting men summer in. Sweet Child looked on, while he made a neat roll of his Sunday clothes; and this he fastened to the high horn of his saddle.

Then, throwing the reins over Sweet Child's head to insure her standing, he proceeded to ford the river. One he stumbled. He went down and down, until even the top of his head was submerged. He had to swim across a pool before he struck the other bank. There he emerged.

First he shook himself like a drenched puppy. Then he traced his steps. Having located the best ford, he finally went back to Sweet Child, and taking up the reins, he started to lead her over the best path. He went ahead. He took up the refrain of that love-song, "Those tender words forgotten—"

Now, just as long as the reins dangled over Sweet Child's head the mare realized that she was placed on her honor. She would not have budged if the Hell Wagon had been in the gulch. Nitroglycerin had exploded. But when Jake took hold of the reins her personal responsibility was over. Her will ceased. Henceforth it was up to her master. Being worthy of her rights, she immediately put up to him. He was wrinkled and she jerked her head, but still she followed. Then the water deepened.

She shied. Jake stopped. She tugged at the lines, but Jake remembered to hold them. Once on the farther bank he heard one of her relief. It was then that the mare exhibited her wiles. She shied at the white trunk of a cypress tree which grew on the bank. At the ghost Sweet Child jumped to the right. Her quick action snatched the reins out of Jake's hand, and she bolted. She was free. Away she went running down the stream a bit, and then dashing thru the thicket of scrub oaks that bordered the river.

Now, this ford was located about midway between Jake's ranch and the town; so it was an impossible walk either way; but it was an impossible one for a man dressed in his underwear. Sweet Child disappeared all his wearing apparel went with her.

It was a brand new suit in which he had expected to do honor to David's fiancee. To make matters worse, he couldn't smoke. He didn't even have the makings of one cigarette.

Did he swear? Of course he did. He had treated the matter from all sides and wound up by swearing like a costermonger. Then he stopped abruptly. He

(Continued on Page 11.)

A TIN-HORN SOLO

by HENRY·C·VANCE

MONEY may be the root of all evil, but about ninety-nine per cent of Adam's descendants are busy with the stump-pullers. Trouble with me is that I've always contented myself with playing for the small stakes, and nicking somebody's wallet for only a flesh wound. And, I'm admitting that when a fella goes after things on a pin basis about all he ever gets is pins.

At the time this here narrative is supposed to begin, I had just been given the air at the Fidelity Studios, and didn't have nothing betwixt me and starvation but a old movie camera and a inclination to do somebody good. I wired Hookum Hinkle (Collect) that I was planning a barnstorming boxing tour and for him to come on and join me. Believe thou me, when Hookum's nasty left landed he always knocked friend foe as cold as a dope deck.

Playing the tanks was our gag; the plot being for us to float into some verdant village where the Bermuda system is used in paving contracts, and offer a century note as a prize to the lucky lad, who could knock Hookum out in twelve cantos.

Brother Hinkle R. S. V. P.'s my telegraph that he's joining me by return freight, and in a few days he heaves into my midst. We decide to make the little town of Buford as the first stop, and I grabs the cinder-spreader an advance man, and books mileage into the hammy little hamlet, leaving Hookum to trail me into Siloville a few days later. Sticking my battered old canvas under my wing, I sallies forth like old lady Sally in person, and arriving in Buford I trade ye editor of the Enterprise a dozen passes for a column or so of publicity.

That night I'm setting on the hotel porch patting myself on the back until I get blisters in my hands and complimenting myself on the day's work, when the clerk trips out and salaams me like I was the King of Dane. "Gentleman to see you, sir."

"Show him in, James," I comes back.

"It's Dollboy Deaton," he ventures.

"Who in Dan T's Inferno is Dollboy Deaton?"

"He's the champion box fighter of Buford," proudly.

"Bring on your Dollboy," I instructs, and in a jiffy the custodian of autographs returns with something mountainous looking in tow.

"Shake hands with Mister Deaton," says the clerk.

The only thing that Goliath probably had on this Dollboy person was that the latter hadn't never lost no decision to Little David.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Deaton?" I asks.

"According to your advertisements, you're offering a hundred dollar prize to the feller what can put Hookum Hinkle to sleep in twelve frames."

"You ain't made no mistakes," I advises.

"Well, Mister, I calkylates I'm your sucker!"

He looked more like Tarzan of the Apes than anybody I've ever jumped; but after a few more leading questions that I might ascertain that he's a rank amateur, I signs up this Dollboy to meet Hookum the coming Friday night. Then I pinches the kitty for the price of another telegraph and wires Hookum in this wise: "Got you booked with Dollboy Deaton for Friday night. Hercules looked like Johnny Kilbane compared to this guy. Come on and get in shape."

Hookum pays about as much attention to that wire as a pitcher does to second base with nobody on. When he does condescend to show up, and I get a whiff of his breath—oh, mommer! Booze? You said it!

Then comes Friday night and we pack 'em in. But that ain't no jack to speak of. The little old one-cylinder hall wouldn't hold over four hundred—paper and all. It was a pro-Dollboy audience, and when he comes into the ring they raise the roof with a mighty yell. The bell sounds and I sorter have a premonition that all is not as it should be.

Hookum's dissipation had got his wind, and I can see right off the reel that this Dollboy devil is fast for a big man. He could carry a ten-ounce mitt standing up than the Atlantic Ocean can setting down. Then, when Hookum missed a couple, I realize the internal grog baths has impaired his eyesight. Suddenly Dollboy gives a war whoop and shoots one into Hookum's midriff, following with a uppercut to the Van Dyke sector. Hinkle drops like a German mark and the referee counts ten. He could of made it a thousand if his wind had of been good.

Dollboy's mug is a study in joy. As for me—I'm wearing a face as long as California. While Hookum prone on the canvas doing a good imitation of the Morpheus scene from R. V. Winkle, I was left the task of delivering the Buford dollar prize, and our treasury was about as bare as the knees in a burlesque show. Just forty bucks in the till, and we faced the necessity of getting out of town!

I was doing some tall thinking, and if I had of been a praying man I would of sent an S. O. S. heavenward.

Dollboy pulls over and says: "Well, I give your champeen a snooze, didn't I? And instead of doing it in twelve rounds, I brought it home in one. Now, I'll ask Where's my prize?".

I was doing a good impersonation of a aspen leaf in a tornado. I gulped a few audible gulps and attempted to crank up my tongue. "You ain't thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the prize, are you, Mister Deaton?"

"Nope, I ain't been ascertained," he admits.

"Well, it's really a two hundred dollar prize," I says, kinder flowery. "You see yon camera?" I points to my sole soakable possession.

"I heard you the first time."

"Son, that's really the nature of my visit here!"

Editor Replogh of the Enterprise is all ears like a cornfield by this time and edges closer to drink in the drift.

"I ain't been in a few days," he says. "You'll have to parse that verb over for me on both sides!"

I clears my throat and attempts to do the same thing to my brain. "I'm a moving picture capitalist. I've heard of your fair city. I am here to plan to put on a production with a entire local talent cast in a effort to uncover a real star or so." Sacred to the editor's memory, he presses my foot on the emphasis accelerator and continues: "To help defray the enormous expense I plan to give a course in movie acting, and I will carry the successful candidates back to my California studios."

"Yep, but where do I come in at?" Dollboy puts in a bid for publicity stuff.

"Why, Mister Deaton, can't you see? You have the opportunity of getting a two hundred dollar prize and the shape of a free movie-acting course as a reward for your wonderful feet in giving Hookum Hinkle a vivid study in astronomy tonight!"

"It's the chance of a lifetime, Dollboy," spoke up the editor.

"Of course you might rather have the two hundred plunks in cash than the chance of becoming a world-famed photo play star?" I says.

"Nope; I'll take the course." And, Dollboy, having reached that decision, the party broke up.

IMAGINE the fix I was in, there in a strange village posing as a movie director, with not a foot of film in my little coffer and nothing to do but for me to play a long shot and risk getting on the green in one. I slips Hookum three ten dollar bills for nothing to him and hands out the free advice that it's best that he beat it.

After spending a restless night I'm in the dining-room at bell-ringing time the next morning, and I discover that all these complications is really getting a little petite one iota. The clerk comes in and looks at me like he thinks I'm the Apostle St. Peter, St. Paul and St. Luke all something, and he hands me a copy of the Enterprise, which is just off the press. You could of knocked me down with a feather! There, smeared all across the front page was a story of my visit to the city welcoming me as the greatest dignitary that ever favored Buford with his presence.

The editor insisted that I should be gave the keys to the town, that my coming meant much to civic upbuilding and progress.

I had myself a sinking sensation like a golf ball when it falls for a one-foot putt. I was in a mountain and I had a mole-hill due to my alibi of the night before. Still, I had brains enough to realize that if I chipped in with a confession I'd be a odds-on favorite to star in a lynching bee.

To help out the bluff a bit I expands my chest and struts around the hotel like I owns a first mortgage on the earth at large. Later in the day I meets with the Chamber of Commerce, do a little spell-binding oratory stuff, and the town is mine.

You would had to of been there that memorable morning we organized the movie class to of enjoyed the situation I found myself in. But I seen some filthy Lucretia coming my way, and that helped increase my confidence. Dollboy Deaton was the first member on the roster. Then come the screen-struck belles and bo's of the town. Thirty students that first morning! Some of 'em had twenty-five bucks for their first installment, and others kicked in with only a few washers as a starter.

In this bunch of assorted misfits was little Lois Rainey, who had saved up some two hundred and fifty iron men during her career as typewriter tickler, and the nature of her ambitions was what led me to appointing her as leading lady. Then, too, she was loaded to capacity with this here pulchritude stuff.

Lois was a little blonde, with a regular Petrova chassis, plenty of style, and a intuition to make her mark in the world. She readily consented to kick in with two hundred iron men if I'd give her some of my spare time in private coaching.

I felt under certain obligations to Dollboy, so I let him play opposite Lois.

Dollboy Embraced Her Awkwardly and Commenced Plastering Kisses Right Kerdab Again' Them Pretty Lips o' Her'n.

Then I choosed my minor characters, plucked a very mellow melodrama out of my memory, and got busy!

Oh, boy! Not a foot of fillum in the camera, and a cast of thirty innocents going thru all the motions. Them rubes salaamed at me just like I was old man Allah himself in person, and I soon found out that Dollboy didn't have no more acting ability than G. B. Shaw has dopfing ability on calling the turn on box fights. But, I was leery about putting him hep, being afraid he would swat me on the jaw.

Dollboy liked to of broke up the show one day, however, when we had a parlor set on and was shooting a love scene. Him and the heroine went into the clinches for a bit of osculation, and Dollboy embraced her awkwardly and commenced plastering kisses right 'kerdab again' them pretty lips of her'n. This Raimey dream begun turning red on a radish in the face, and put on a scream record, that as soon as little Lois sent out that S. O. S. aerials, thu, I rolls for 'em to break. Dollboy looked at me a little sheepish, and right there I decided that this romantic stuff was a little too deep for him.

Little Lois wouldn't of wiped her foot on him, unless it had of been muddy or something, and that night I brings him to task. "Jake, don't tell me you're dumb enough to think that dame had fell for you?" I interrogates.

Why, even a umps could of seen that she was bugs about yours sincerely in that love scene, Jake," he defends. "I could see the love-light in them winders of her soul as she held out her arms to me. Then, when I put some real stuff instead of acting into it, and she seen that our feelings towards each other was mutual and that we had something treasonous, she was a goner. I had gave her hand away so quick, and in order to throw me off'n the track, and keep the rest of the cast in the dark, she fakes a blush and a' struggle."

"Get them thoughts out of your bean," I tells him.

"But, Jake, couldn't you see the love-light in her glims?"

"Why, you big ham!" I exploded, "she was only acting. Do you suppose that Billy Burke has got designs on every woman he presses to his bosom?"

And the next day Dollboy throws a bombshell into my plans, and I comes to the uncomfortable realization I've about reached the end of my tether.

"Frlends and Romans," he says, "what's left to be did on this picture has got to be did in double-quick time!"

"How do you get that way?" I spouts.

"Because," he explains, "when I was with the A. E. F. on France one day, I seen a Frenchman laying there on the battlefield. I stops to see why he ain't running like I am, and when I see he's got a bad wound I puts him acrost my manly shoulders and carries him to a place of safety. Well, this bird was a rich man, and he was so full of gratitude he remembered me in his will. He kicked the other day, and his lawyers has just wrote me to come over and help wind up the estate."

"The D—ll you preach?" I snaps.

"That's my doctrine!" he comes back. "This announcement puts about six inches of goons across my map. My empty camera secret would soon be out! However, I have tuition installments due me by the coming Monday, and I resolves to stick by the guns and get the coin before I blow.

THAT same afternoon I'm down at the railroad station, when in glides the Limited, and she stops for water. Up shoots a car window, out pops a dome, and a voice chirps, "Ye gods and little sardines, if there ain't old Jake Sandow!"

I recognized that voice as Jim Stirling-er's. I'd heard it order drinks too many times to forget it.

"What you doing down in this God-forsook country?" asks Jim.

"Not so loud, Watson," I cautioned him. "The best thing you can do is step off and find out." I makes my invitation so cordial that he complies, and later in the p. m. I open up and tell him the whole story.

"You say you ain't got no fillum?" asks Jim.

"I ain't got no more fillum than a L. W. V. is got corns in his hands!"

"And they ain't wise yet?"

"Not a bit of it. Why, the further I pulls the wool over they eyes the stronger the folks around here believe in me."

"And you make these alleged actors and actorines do real work for nothing?"

"Til may I do. Why, I got this Lois Rainey doing the most wonderful work in the world. She's did some wonderful dare-devil horseback riding since I got this idea for production stuff."

"Who is this Lois?" His cauliflowers perked up a bit.

"She's my star," sarcastically.

"How come her your star?"

"Simply 'cause I had two hundred and fifty berries in the bank when I hit town." Not a trace of shame on my mush.

Jim votes to remain a day and look my outfit over. I felt kinder complimented when I seen that Jim had developed into one of the best directors in the business.

Next day I knocks Mister Stringer down to all the bunch, including Lois, and he gives her an appraisal and whispers, "Kid, I'm in!"

I puts her thru some grilling rough-and-tumble riding, and we stake a sob drama between Willie and Lois in the neck, and Lois, as the grief-struck sister, runs out and grabs wobbling Willie in her arms, showering love and sorrer and all that sort of guff.

That night Jim excuses hisself early in the evening meal, and when I stroll out to the front porch he ain't to be saw nowheres. At 11 bells he's still at large, and I hit the hay. About midnight Jim stalks into the room and wakes me up.

"Look what I got!" he yells.

"Let me sleep," I grumbles.

"That's the trouble now; you've been

asleep for ever a month and didn't know it?"

"What you mean by that?" His statement seemed to of woke me up completely.

"You've got a real screen star under your nose, and you've snored away and never realized it?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, man alive—this Lois Raimey is a wonder! She's got the makings of a great star, and I've just signed her to a contract at big money."

I sprung out of bed like a shot. "Where do I come in?"

"You got your two hundred iron men in tuition from the girlie, didn't you?" smiles Jimmy, and I realize he's registered a bull's-eye.

ALL that stuff happened some time back, and yesterday I gets a letter postmarked "Paris," from Dollboy Deaton. He said in part:

Dear Jake—I'm tired of this country and everyone, and expect to start for the States soon. However, they is a little dam O. Zelle over here, who thinks they ain't nobody in tne world like Dollboy. She's probably correct at that. I can see the love-light in her eyes when I am reflecting, either, like you once said referring at a certain friend of ours.

Guess you know I saw her the other day. It was Hookum Hinkle! He's tending bar at a grog shop over here. We had a few drinks together, and then your name come up.

"Think of that slob posing as a movie director!" he says.

"What slob you speaking of?" I asks.

"Jake Sandow," he allows.

"He ain't no slob."

"Yes, he is a slob, but he ain't no movie director."

Well, Jake, you probably know your Dollboy well enough to realize he ain't going to stand for no low-lives like this here Hinkle talk about his best friend, especially if said friend stood by me and tried to learn me the movie game like you done. I knowed it was a slanderous lie, so I just reaches across the bar and knocked that guy so cold that his teeth was probably still chattering when he come too.

So long for this time, Jake, but I hope to see you when me and my Madame gets hooked up in double harness and starts for the States.

Yours truly,

DOLLBOY.

So, you see, Dollboy hadn't got wise, and Lois Raimey is still laboring under the impression that I had been on the square with her.

I got a big day ahead of me tomorrow. Lois is now Peggy de Vimy of filmland, is Mrs. Jim Stringer in private life, and she's got a contract at one hundred thousand smackers each annum. Jim fell in love with Lois during the filming, and he was mortally wounded by Daniel J. Cupid, and the first thing he knowed he was married and settled down for life.

All of which convinces me that they ain't no use of playing for small stakes. It don't pay. I got a thousand dollars cut out of my little piker game at Buford, but if I'd of had any brains and a vision I could of made a hundred thousand, and probably better-half of a one hundred thousand dollar beauty for filmland.

I will say, tho, that Jim Stringer treated me white in not squealing, and to this day Lois thinks I contributed only a large measure for her success. She thought it so strong that she made me engineer of camera man, a position I've still got.

So, I'm busy tomorrow making some stills, when I could of been setting down in a upholstered office with mahogany furnishings and Brussels carpets writing checks in four figures.

Don't never waste your ammunition on sparrows when they's a flock of wild turkeys just over the hill!

THE END.

KITTY KEARY was Tomorrow's business girl. Chicago's South Water street will boast quite a few of her kind—Tomorrow. Today her type does not afford enough to go round.

So when she took a job with Dick Casey, a young egg-and-butter man still fighting for a place on the Street, her old boss, Jimmie Ryan, got flustered. His empire had not closed. No, not quite. But trade slumped a good bit. Home at dinner the fat commissioner wailed:

"The way them Hunk and Polack grocers run off with their egg cases since she left! Why, you'd think they was cheated! Used to smile as if they expected a diamond ring in every egg, they did."

Then he stopped talking and kept raking his brains for some time. Suddenly he sprung the news on them: "She'll soon need another job 'cause Dick's goose is cooked. Just watch her come back."

He was right. Kitty appeared at his office a few days later. He slapped his sides with glee and let go a barrage of a long-forgotten brogue:

"Tare and ages! You looking for your old job?" He motioned her to a chair opposite his flat desk in the back of his commission house. "Now you're wised up to it that this here is the swellest service on the face of earth. Profit or no profit, your dough every week. Vacation every year with no loss to you except your pay." He became confidential and leaned over the edge of the desk: "Just like you to get quit of that cub fox before he's smoked out of his hole."

The old commissioner talked with the certainty that Kitty had come back for her old job. But he was mistaken. She came to play a game of bluff. If she could bluff the crafty old cheat into delivering the weekly orders, he had withheld on the excuse that he was short of stock, Dick's store could be reopened.

It would afford Kitty a job to turn round, the bill not falling due before a week. Dick could meanwhile go to their out-of-town commissioner, Dave O'Connor, and find out why he, too, had taken it into his head to cut off their credit. Had even failed to answer their telegrams; had failed to make their weekly shipment. If he had gotten in wrong with O'Connor, Dick could make arrangement with another out-of-town commissioner. Anyway, they could investigate it. And once the ship was off the rocks their wedding could take place.

But the menacing note in the commissioner's last few words alarmed her. It foreshadowed more devilry than she could see cropping out on the surface. At first she could not find her tongue. Then she tried to edge out the best way she could:

"What a pity to have quit such a grand job."

"A-ha!" he shouted.

But the sound of her own voice quickened her purpose. If she could only guess the lay of the land. She ventured boldly: "I didn't happen to like the job. Only I—well, I only came to tell you that Dick don't want his order this week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" the commissioner guffawed. "He don't, eh? He better not." He waited a second, then asked: "Expects goods from Dave O'Connor, I suppose?"

"I dont' know what he expects. All I know is that he has plenty goods."

She said this with such a convincing ring in her voice that she leaped to his feet and his hairy fist came down on his desk with a bang:

"Where did he get it?"

"I don't know."

He began to suspect her impartiality and sat down with a show of indifference, cocking his head on one side to read her. "You don't, eh?" The pink muscles on the side of his chin twitched. "Are you telling the truth—the whole truth—so help you——"

She nodded.

"Then I got another trump!" he bellowed and struck his chest. "I'll show him that no cockrell ever gets on Jimmie Ryan's farm before the other one's dead. Just to show you how quick I'll yank him out of the ring, I'll have the lease on his store before the week's another lap." He stopped, then added: "You'd better get into your white frock before I change my mind."

"The lease!" she felt her blood running cold. She had completely forgotten that it had expired a few days before. Jimmie Ryan lay hold of it there would be little hope of getting on the fixtures anything beyond what the auctioneer's hammer would fetch. She thought to herself: "Made it worse. Better clear out." Aloud she said: "This is the end of my errand. Good-by."

She staggered to the sidewalk and stood petrified for a moment. There was a job before her bigger than she had expected. What was she to do? Well, she reasoned, "one thing at a time. Must save the lease first."

She stepped up to the corner drug store, entered the telephone booth and cupped the receiver to her ear: "Donnell & Dwight? . . . Dick Casey's salesgirl talking. Mr. Casey wants me to tell you that he leaves the city this afternoon and wants to sign the lease before he goes . . . Hold on hour? . . . Fine. Thanks." She threw the receiver on the hook and turned toward Dick's store.

Huge stacks of egg cases, butter tubs, mountains of sacked potatoes—pungent, fresh, smelling of the soil. Enormous drays loaded with crates of fowl and berries towering over broad-crupped and heavy-hocked horses with heads hanging low like heifers under strawstacks.

She forgot her troubles for a moment—in this intense, moving pandemonium where the vast plains beyond pour in their bounty in staggering profusion—and watched life-necked and pink-footed pigeons wheeling down on the sun-shot air, alighting on cobblestones to pick up scattered grain; strutting, cooing and billing, and then rising with a burst of wing.

She was suddenly startled by an enterprising rooster which was breaking away from captivity. It hopped, leaped, in a flurry of tight-feathered white-frocked man chase behind. She somehow connected the plight of the bird with that of her ex-employer, Dick. They, too, wanted to be free; but Jimmie Ryan was after them, tho they did not know it on that account. She saw Dick in Water street hanging open-mouthed. Would the plucky bird get away?

It turned on its pursuer with a wild cry to be let alone, but took wing the moment the danger became too great for safety. Then, with a loud, exasperated cackle, a desperate beating of wings—and man and bird were lost in a maze of wagon and dray.

South Water street took a long look at the spectacular drama in which it daily participated, then over the cobwebs of the air, and resumed its nervous rhythm. Kitty ran on.

SHE met Dick Casey at the door. Eyes hollow with anxiety, he demanded: "Well, what did Jimmie say?"

"I'll tell you while reopening the store," she assured him as she unpinned her hat. "We must get busy filling up the shelves with empties." Dick gave her a puzzled look but obeyed as she continued: "The agent from Donnell & Dwight will be here in a little while with the lease. You must sign it. It will save the——— That's it; fill up the front first, then——"

She was interrupted as she swung up an empty case which Dick caught on the fly. Both turned around.

In front of the open door was a rondavel just then she saw the waistless body of Ryan half-clambering, half-rolling out of the seat. He walked flat-footed, with a pose with a Doubless-everybody smirk, and stood looking around, a touch of disappointment on his face. Then he spied Dick and grinned. "A right good morning to you all."

"Good morning, Mr. Ryan," Kitty mentioned him to stay Dick's hand at the counter; at the same time turning to Dick aloud: "I can take care of the trade myself. You go ahead and making up the load for the Ecclectic Lunch Clubs." Turning to Ryan again she demanded: "What can I do for you, sir, I guess?"

The fat commissioner grunted and lowered himself on one of the stools: "Oh, was up your neck of the woods and——"

The real estate agent of Donnell & Dwight came in, took out the lease from his pocket, and said to Dick, who was approaching him. "At your service, your——"

The commissioner almost rolled off the stool. He pushed his huge body between the two and demanded: "What in——? I was in your office just now, I was. They told me you was on the way here. I give twenty-five dollars for a messenger, I'm——"

"No, you don't!" Kitty cried. "Dick, sign it before you go on your business trip."

"Business trip!" the fat egg man roared **as he plucked** away the lease and tore **it into bits.** "I'll be the other one—— in my name," he ordered the agent. Then he shouted to the couple: "Now Dick can go on business trips! You thought you'd bluff me!"

A messenger boy brought in a telegram. Dick ripped it open, read it, and handed it to Kitty.

While she was reading the real estate man went out and Ryan, his object accomplished, followed after. "Let's eat." But before he crossed the threshold she raised a halting finger: "Wait!"

"Eh?"

"To tell us what you know about Dick's fifty cases eggs which——"

"Ain't none of my funeral."

". . . were carried off the pick-up station."

Ryan's face lengthened at the mention of pick-up station—a little platform for rural shippers to put out their produce which is picked up by interurban electric freight cars and taken to Chicago. But Ryan had been thru too many battles to flinch. He turned round and laughed as he came up to the counter.

"You think I lay awake nights thinking what becomes of Dick's goods?"

"Then you will, after you've heard this." She read:

Just returned from up-state. In reply to wires, had fifty cases on pick-up station as usual. Returning learned they had been carted off and put back in time for train. But your stencil off and illegible.

DAVE O'CONNOR.

"A lie! A d—n lie!" the commissioner shouted. "I can prove I got from him not fifty cases, but a hundred and fifty. It's black and white on my shipping ticket. Now!" he grinned, his sang froid fully regained.

The couple stared at each other bewildered. Was it possible that he had added their weekly order to his occasional shipment from O'Connor? The fat man thundered: "This is a case of blackmail! Nothing else. I'll show you—if you think you can put your beads together—with Dave O'Connor to make a thief of me!"

There was a minute of gloom. Then Kitty's face brightened: "Dick, go and swear out a warrant to search his warehouse."

Dick reached out for his hat and coat. When he had them on, Ryan exploded in a horse laugh: "You think I'm a schoolboy? You get a search warrant—you. Go and search my warehouse!" he waved his hand imperiously. Then he added in a conciliatory tone as if indifferent whether they heard or not: "They don't even know that eggs is eggs."

Kitty's face brightened. His last breath of wind knocked out of his sails. But after a spell of quick thinking Kitty demanded: "You have a warrant in your pocket, sir?"

A whispered curse passed Ryan's lips. But Dick unwittingly murmured: "All egg cases are alike." And the commissioner heaved a sigh of relief.

BUT in another moment the girl assured her future husband: "Not yours. One day I had nothing to do and stenciled all the names inside all the cases I found in the candling room. It was those cases that went out to O'Connor. Go and swear out a warrant."

A stubborn silence followed, each calculating the strength of his opponent. Then Dick bolted for the door.

Ryan forgot his cunning and flung his ponderous weight on the young man's arm: "You ain't going to do that to Kitty's old boss!"

"My old boss can go to blazes!" she cried.

A look of fear gripped Ryan. He had gone too far, he told himself. He groaned aloud: "I never meant no harm by you. Just got fighting mad because——"

He stopped suddenly, the craftiness of forty years asserting itself. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! What a joke! What should I want with your store and your goods?" he questioned himself. "What's he got so much of my own?" He waited for a reply, but receiving none, he continued with assurance. "Just wanted to see if you—if Kitty learned enough in my market—had spunk enough to get on alongside Market street. Mighty glad you're so plucky. Here's my hand. You win. Good luck. Joke's on me."

Kitty stood aside. He continued as if she had taken it and said to Dick: "I own I overdone it a bit. But we're old friends and I'll make it up to you. Here, I'm going to use your phone and tell my shipping clerk to deliver your fifty cases at once. Then we're square, if you want it. And I'm going to phone Donnell & Dwight the truth—that I never meant the lease—that it was all a joke—a little joke of mine." He turned to the telephone.

Kitty's shrillest girl that ever lived—and the pluckiest." Dick's arm glided round her waist. Then he said aloud to the receiver of the commissioner's joke, was it? Well, this little joke of yours will cost you a devil of a pile of paranoia."

After some minutes' telephoning Ryan came up: "Everything's all right now. How much obliged he asked," he handed raised to fountain pen and check book.

Dick opened his mouth to name the sum, but Kitty laid a finger on his lips. "None of his dirty money to start our lives. Yes?"

After a long silence Dick agreed. "Nothing."

"Nothing!" the old cheat demanded in surprise.

"Not a copper," both assured him.

He felt hurt and sought a plaster "Not even a wedding present? Oh, yes, you're going to take a wedding present from your old boss. How much?" he paused with pen on check book.

They waved him aside. His chin dropped on his chest. He reinsert his pen and check book, and skulked out of the store.

THE END.

Impartial.

Fair Patient—They tell me, doctor, you are a perfect lady-killer.

Doctor—Oh, no—no! I assure you, my dear madam, I make no distinction between the sexes.

Mrs. Blunderby Gets in Bad.

"Has your brother a pasturage yet?" asked the well-meaning but uneducated woman.

"My brother is a clergyman, not a cow," resented his college-bred sister.

IN THE LION'S MOUTH

Charles Gordon

IN A narrow valley squeezed between two towering Kentucky mountains Ted Hunter sat beside a camp fire near a small, rude cabin. He was 25, rather good looking, and the evident secrecy of his actions suggested that his mission there was due to some hidden purpose which he did not wish every one to know. There was a letter in his hand. Looking about carefully to make sure that he was not being watched, he drew the folded sheet from the envelope and for the fourth time read the type-written missive:

Since the receipt of a communication from the little town I have been doing some figuring and I have come to the conclusion that something must be done quickly to stop these moonshiners from brewing their devilish concoctions, even tho they are unscrupulous and the undertaking a perilous one. The person who dares to go into their midst takes his life in his hands. But you have proven before your ability to cope with unpleasant and dangerous situations, therefore I am confident that by detailing you to this task, extremely hazardous tho it is, I am following the wisest course. Make inquiries, collect all the evidence you can, and when you consider the time ripe for a raid let me know and I will send as many men as you think will be needed.

You will be forced to rely on your own initiative to a great extent, as my informant gives only very meager details in the letter. But I know that Jake Lankford is reputed to be the leader of the gang. He is a dangerous man, if reports are true, and I warn you to be very cautious. Don't endanger your life needlessly by taking long chances, for those men will not hesitate at murder to rid themselves of a person who they consider a detriment to their welfare. Don't fail to call on me if you need any assistance and again—watch your step. I am hoping that you will be successful in this undertaking, for the capture of these moonshiners will mean a great victory for us, and each still destroyed means less poison being made.

Faithfully yours,
JAMES PONSEY,
State Prohibition Agent.

Hunter carefully considered this incriminating missive—incriminating in case it should fall into the hands of his enemies. Then he tossed it in the fire, poking it down into the glowing coals with a stick. When the last fragment had been converted into black powdery dust he arose, a dully glinting gold badge visible on his vest as his coat was whipped back by a strong breeze, and slowly began tolling up the steep face of the mountain on his right. The going was rough and the climb breath-taking, and he found it necessary to rest often, but at last the summit was reached.

Almost directly below him, so steep was the incline leading down to it, on a small bare ridge running obliquely away from the larger mountain, perched a primitive log cabin, smoke issuing from a rude chimney at the farther end, beyond which was a dilapidated shed that appeared to be meant for a stable. Everything about the place seemed decayed and eaten by the ravages of time, as if a careless owner had allowed the premises to deteriorate into a state of complete dissolution.

Hunter noted these details from his place of concealment, for he had quickly hidden himself behind the boulder for fear of being discovered. He had been expecting to find some sort of building, but that it should be so near his own habitation came as a surprise. As he reflected it occurred to him that his enemies, if this was where they abode, might have heard him making camp the previous day, since sounds traveled long distances in the stillness of the forest, or seen the smoke from his camp fire, and might even then be searching for him. This thought gave him an uneasy feeling and caused him to instinctively feel for the automatic in its holster under his left armpit. But he was reassured when from below came the sound of boisterous, raucous laughter, as a trio of men emerged from the cabin.

They were tall and lean, and might easily have been mistaken for peaceful farmers, but for the fact that each carried a rifle and revolver. Even from the distance it could be seen that one of them was well past middle-age and becoming gray. That was Lankford, evidently, and he was a rough looking individual.

Following the departing men with his eyes, Hunter saw a half mile farther on in the direction they were taking a thin line of smoke curling up toward the sky. To the casual observer this would have meant little, but to him it meant that very likely at the beginning of that trail of smoke was a still-house, where the illicit whisky, against which he was sworn to battle, was brewed. If that were true, his task was simpler than he had at first supposed. But an unlooked-for complication was destined to reveal itself shortly.

When the men had disappeared into the timber a few rods away Hunter started down the hill toward the cabin. It had occurred to him that it would be a good idea to search the cabin, since it would be advantageous to familiarize himself with the abode of the men he had been sent to spy upon. But he had progressed only a few steps when he was arrested by a sound that seemed to come from within the cabin. He listened closely. Some one was singing. And the voice was unmistakably feminine!

"Oh, the sun shines bright on my old Kentucky home—"

Like a statue Hunter stood and listened as each tremulous note was borne to him on the wings of the wind. Never before in his recollection had he heard such beautiful singing; such a rich, full voice. It was heavenly! There was a melody to the strain that thrilled and charmed him by its sweetness, and almost unconsciously he again moved toward the source of the entrancing music.

As if the singer had been rudely interrupted, the singing suddenly ceased, but the charm of it lingered and Hunter kept on, experiencing a sudden piquant curiosity to know to whom that wonderful voice belonged. That he was probably doing a foolish and dangerous thing by thus exposing himself did not seem to make the slightest difference. He felt that he simply must obey the compelling impulse to see who the singer could be. Thus was all caution abandoned, and he went boldly forward.

As he rounded the corner of the house a girl of perhaps 19 stepped out the door with a tin pail in her hand. Seeing the stranger she stopped abruptly, and something akin to fear flashed over her face. She seemed strangely out of place in such sordid surroundings, for if clothed properly and given the right training anyone would have admitted that she was beautiful—in the full meaning of the term. She was slight of figure, her cheeks mirrored the glow of health, her dark eyes were darker in contrast to the whiteness of her skin, and her hair, a reddish-gold in color, resembled nothing so much as a sun-tinted summer cloud.

"Er—Good morning," stammered Hunter, removing his hat with a sudden feeling of embarrassment for which he could not account.

"Howdy," murmured the girl, half-bashfully lowering her gaze. She seemed in doubt as to whether it would be more proper to run or show some sign of friendliness, evidently deciding in favor of the latter, for she managed a timid smile.

Hunter did not attempt to explain the reason for his rather unconventional visit, and the ensuing silence was becoming painful when he seemed to notice for the first time the pail which the girl carried. Stepping forward, he held out his hand and gallantly said, "Won't you let me bring the water for you?"

The girl hesitated for a fraction of a second, then nodded her head without speaking and relinquished the pail.

"Aren't you coming?" Hunter inquired as she made a move to enter the house. "Why do I have to come?" countered the girl with a becoming blush.

"I don't know where the spring is," replied the young man.

Slightly taken aback, the girl followed a path that led farther down into the valley below, her confusion evident by her downcast eyes and hurried manner. Hunter came on behind, taking advantage of this chance to admire the lithe figure preceding him along the narrow path. Nothing more was said until the spring was reached and they were returning, when the young man again broke the silence by asking, "What's your name?"

"Lottie," came hesitantly from the girl's ruby lips. "Lottie Moore."

"Er—does your father work in town?" Hunter pursued.

"My father's dead. Jake Lankford's my stepfather." The name was spoken almost inaudibly. "My mother's dead, too," resumed the girl with a sigh. "Jake Lankford's the only—relation I've got. He ain't good to me, either." She again became silent, as if she regretted having confided this family trouble to a stranger.

IN HUNTER'S heart these words stirred a medley of emotions. It was unthinkable, he almost growled to himself, that this winsome girl should be compelled to obey the dictates of such an unprincipled scoundrel as Jake Lankford must be, a man who made an unlawful living by brewing and selling illicit liquor. The thought that she was in any way connected with men of that ilk was unpleasant. This unexpected complication threw a light on the case which he had not considered before. As he followed the girl into the house with the pail of water his mind was busy trying to figure out how he could remain loyal to his chief without bringing harm to this fair creature, whom he felt to be as innocent of any wrongdoing as himself.

The house was furnished meagerly, he noted, altho the interior was neat and clean. Now that the ice was broken, so to speak, Lottie seemed to have lost some of her shyness and she treated the visitor in a very hospitable manner.

"I wasn't expectin' anybody to come," she said apologetically, as she looked over her faded gingham dress, which had been patched and renewed in several places. "Don't many strangers come up here and I don't bother about tidyin' things up. Pop don't like for visitors to come—but I do," she hastened to add, fearful lest the young man should be offended.

"You like to live here?" questioned

Hunter after a short pause. "Don't you ever get lonesome?"

The girl seemed to be contemplating some far-away vision as she replied, her eyes dreamily wandering thru the open door to the wilderness beyond, "My mother used to tell me about the big cities and places, before she died, and I'd sure like to get out and see some of the world. I been readin' a book—" she groped mentally for words with which to best express her thoughts—"about a girl that was kept fastened up in a prison all her life—not a reg'lar jail, you know, but a' underground cellar. She—she didn't have no folks, just like me, and her stepfather beat her like she was a slave. She run away from him at last and married, she—"

"You mentioned that your stepfather doesn't treat you right. He doesn't beat you, does he?" asked Hunter, half clinching his fists.

"No, he don't beat me—that is—well, he did slap me once, a long time ago," admitted Lottie. "But he—he says he's goin' to make me—marry Bill Crockett —that's one of th' fellers that was him—and I'd sooner take a dozen—a hundred —beatin's than do that."

"Then you don't want to marry this fellow Crockett?" Hunter interrogated. "Do you?"

"I—I'd just as soon marry a snake; that's what he is, anyway!" cried the girl vehemently. "He sneaks around when you ain't expectin' him, like a snake, and nobody can't trust him, he's so deceivin'. I—I just hate the sight of him. That's what I do!"

"Why don't you run away?" Hunter was so deeply interested that he took no note of the passing time. "I think you would be justified in doing so."

Lottie replaced a look of golden hair which had fallen across her cheek, and looked thoughtfully down at her worn shoes. "I ain't got much edication," she said slowly, "only what my mother learned me, and I'm afraid I'd try to make my way in a strange place. They —they's so many things that could happen. But I'd hate to stay here all my life."

There was a pathetic note of sadness in the admission that the young woman's heart. How could he think of leaving this waif in that vast, lonely wilderness?

The two talked on and on, of themselves and many other things, placing mutual confidence in each other and disclosing their innermost secrets, like the intimacy of old friends. In the girl Hunter found a surprisingly charming personality. She influenced him as no other person ever had. Her conversation was only six more enjoyable because of her halting, timid manner of talking, and he remained until the fear that she might return at any time and find him there drove him away. Before leaving he requested Lottie to tell no one of his visit, and she readily promised to keep the secret.

"I—I won't tell a soul," she said as they parted. "Pop—he—well, he just tears up the place if he hears there's a stranger around. And I—I wouldn't want you to get in trouble, so I won't mention your visit to anybody. And—you'll come back ag'in—soon?" Her dark eyes looked wistfully into his own, and her fingers clasped his hand tightly.

Hunter felt a pleasurable thrill run over him at her touch. "Yes, I'll come again," he promised. He refrained from saying that it would have been next to impossible for him to stay away.

THEREAFTER Hunter spent a great deal of his time at Lottie's home, always watching from the ridge above the cabin to see when Lankford and his companions left on their mysterious mission to the valley from which came continually, day and night and Sunday, that white column of smoke. By following the men one day Hunter discovered what he had been expecting to find all along.

Under different circumstances, the most obvious course of procedure would have been for Hunter to summon aid and make the raid at once, before the moonshiners became suspicious and therefore more cautious. But Hunter hesitated to take this decisive step, hardly knowing why he did so. His paramount thought was that when Lankford and his companions were arrested Lottie would be left to make her own way as best she could, without even her stepfather's support. His own part in the affair would then inevitably become known to her and she would denounce him as a traitor—as indeed she!

Again, this deception would not have meant so much had it not been for his feelings toward the girl. He had hitherto made no attempt to hide her strange attraction for him, being content to accept her as a good and sympathetic comrade; but as he thoughtfully made his way back toward her home he realized suddenly that it was love that drew him there, love of almost irresistible power. Thus her charm for him was explained. Nor was this a passing fancy, a mere whim to be gratified at the expense of, perhaps, a heartbreak, but the result of the mutual appeal of their inner selves. There were two distinct kinds of love, he reflected, or rather love was revealed in the two ways. One was passionate, charged with fire; the other quiet and often unsuspected until the time of parting came, or in times of danger or stress.

BUSY with these thoughts, Hunter came at last to the Lankford cabin. Apparently no one was about, but presently he found Lottie expecting him in the shade of a weeping willow that stood a short distance from the house.

"You've been a long time comin'," she accused, as Hunter sank down beside her on the grass.

"I was delayed a trifle," Hunter replied. After this terse remark he was silent. His mind seemed occupied with some knotty problem, and Lottie was quick to notice that something was troubling him.

"What makes you act so awful—mysterious?" she asked. "You seem to be lookin' for somebody to come all the time, and you jump at th' slightest noise. You—you ain't one of them escaped convicts, are you? But I know you ain't," she hastily resumed. "If I thought you was I wouldn't have nothin' to do with you. But you know you always so—so nervous, like you was expectin' somebody to jump out on you?"

Hunter turned with a suddenness that startled her. "I'll tell you," he said. "I'm a prohibition officer. That's why I'm always looking for some one. Now I guess you know why I'm here?"

"Yes, I know," replied Lottie, her voice motionless. "You've come to arrest Jake Lankford and his helpers. But I don't care. They ain't anything to me. They're just brutes, ever' one of them, and they know I hate breakin' the law. The pen is the best place for 'em. Do you blame me for thinkin' the way I do?"

"No, I don't," said Hunter, "for no one could expect you to have a friendly feeling toward those men. They deserve to be in prison for treating you as they do, as well as for being engaged in their illicit trade. But what will become of you when they are gone. Have you no friends to whom you could go?"

Lottie shook her head. "No, I ain't got any friends," she sighed, "except you. I—I'll hate to see you leave, because you've been so kind, and I ain't used to kindness."

She stopped abruptly as a heavy step sounded behind them. Galvanized into sudden action, Hunter leaped to his feet and whirled about, his hand darting to the automatic under his coat. But the warning sound had come too late. On the instant that he turned a huge bear of a man confronted him, almost jamming a 30-30 rifle thru his ribs as he hissed, "Put 'em up! An' none o' yer tricks, er ye'll git a dose o' lead!"

Knowing that sudden death was the only alternative, Hunter complied. The big man snatched the automatic from its holster with his free left hand, and slid it into a front pocket of his baggy, greasy trousers. "I'll just keep this 'ere little pea-shooter, 'cause you ain't gonna soon have no more use fer it," he leered. "Hank, c'm 'ere."

Another man, shorter and leaner than his companion, but having the same disreputable appearance, stepped from behind a clump of bushes and came forward.

"Go in th' house an' git that long piece o' rope we was usin' jistiddy, an' git some short pieces, too," ordered the man who held the rifle. "Don't be all day about it, neither. We ain't got a lot o' time t' waste."

As the other man obeyed, Lottie, who had been sitting as the petrified, now sprang to her feet and cried, "What are you goin' to do with him, Bill Crockett?"

"None o' yer d—n business!" growled Crockett, giving at her from malevolent eyes. "But I c'n tell ye one thing: We ain't gonna have no d—n revenooers sneakin' around here. An' sore pap'll 'tend to ye, my little gal, when he hears about this business. You're a pretty one t' be playin' traitor to yore pap. But he'll l'arn ye how t' take up with strangers, ye little hussy. An' soon as a preacher c'n be got t' hitch ye, he'll 'tend to ye. Ye'll lissen t' me then, an' ye'll be glad t' 'bey me."

"Marry you!" said the girl scornfully. "You're certainly takin' a lot of things for granted. And you been bullyin' me long enough. Your time's comin', tho. Just wait and see."

Crockett only laughed, a spiteful, hateful jeer. At this juncture Hank appeared with several pieces of rope. The shorter ones were used to tie Hunter's arms; the long one was reserved for another purpose. Seeing that resistance would not only be futile but possibly fatal, Hunter yielded submissively as Hank drew the cords more tight about his wrists, lashing them together with as much gentleness as he would have shown a bundle of wood. When this was done the men started off with the prisoner.

Divining their intention, Lottie placed herself between him and his captors, as if to protect him by contesting her comparatively puny strength against the giant who towered above her. "You let him go, Bill Crockett!" she cried. "Don't you dare to harm him."

Crockett raised his fist as if to strike her. "Ye'll see what we do!" he sneered. "Th' buzzards will tell ye th' story, if nobody else don't. An' now git outen th' way." His tone was suddenly menacing. "We ain't got no time t' fool with ye."

But Lottie moved not an inch. She dashed aside his outstretched hand and dealt him a stinging blow squarely across the mouth with her tightly clinched fist. Then, eluding his pawing hands, she darted into the house, slammed and bolted the doors. "Come and get me!" she cried defiantly.

"We'll pay for that, ye little wildcat!" Crockett roared, drawing a grimy sleeve across his bruised lips to wipe away a thin trickle of blood. Then he roughly prodded Hunter with the rifle. "Git a move on!" he growled. "We'll 'tend to yo first."

OVER a tortuous trail descending into a dismal stretch of woods the three proceeded in grim silence, save for an occasional muttered oath from one

As they turned, they beheld Lottie Standing a Few Feet Away With a Cocked Rifle at Her Shoulder.

mountaineers and the sound of their footsteps. Selecting a spot in a dark, heavily wooded ravine, Bill Crockett threw one end of the long rope over an overhanging limb, looping the other end around Hunter's neck with nerve-wracking deliberation. Not a word was spoken thruout these preparations. The men offered the prisoner no chance to speak a few last words or pray, if he wished. They seemed desirous only of ridding themselves of this enemy in the shortest possible length of time.

A sickening sensation seized Hunter as the noose tightened about his neck, causing him to gasp for breath. His senses reeled; he felt himself falling, falling into a bottomless abyss. The ground seemed to suddenly spring from beneath his feet, a suffocating pain gripped his throat, and everything went black.

On the instant that Hunter's feet left the ground the two mountaineers were startled to hear the command, "Hands up!" They whirled simultaneously, in their excitement letting go of the rope, which they had been in the act of securing to a sapling in order to keep the prisoner's body suspended in the air. As the rope was released Hunter slumped back to the ground with a dull thud. He kept his hands tied, but his muscles, not swayed dizzily and seemed ready at any moment to collapse.

As they turned they beheld Lottie standing a few feet away with a cocked rifle at her shoulder. The rifle was pointed directly at Crockett.

"Stay right where you're at," said the girl calmly. "I don't want to shoot you, but I will if you make a move." Her face was deathly white, but in her eyes was a look of determination that instantly halted the two men and caused Crockett on a momentary idea of trying to overpower her. They raised their hands behind their heads, her command backed away a few paces.

Keeping them covered, Lottie slowly circled around them, approaching Hunter, who had returned to partial consciousness and was watching the scene as one but I will if you make a move." Her face in a dream. Reaching the fork of a small bush the girl held it with her right hand and with her left began working at the rope around Hunter's hands. Handicapped as she was, with having to work with only one hand and at the same time keep a sharp eye on the two men, it was several moments before she finally succeeded in loosening the knot. Hunter's hands free, the latter soon had the noose from around his neck.

Without these operations the Crocketts had not moved. But taking advantage of the opportunity when Lottie passed the rifle over to Hunter, for a instant covering their guard, Bill snatched up his gun, which he had laid aside while making the preparations for the hanging. Cocking it with a swiftness born of constant practice with firearms he flung it to his shoulder, calling to Hank to shoot, and yelled, "I'll git ye now, ye d—n snoopin' skunk!"

Thinking to frustrate the attempt at the young man's life by placing herself between him and the danger, Lottie sprang in front of Hunter, thus making a risk which she seemed not to have foreseen, and preventing him from using the gun. But the fate to which the girl ... but she fulfilled her intention of ... Hunter's life. Even as she leaped Crockett pulled the trigger, there was a loud report and a sound as of a hard object striking flesh, and with a low moan the girl crumpled to the ground at Hunter's feet, a spot of dark crimson staining the white waist just over her left breast.

Appalled at his deed, Crockett uttered a whimpering oath and lowered the gun. With a cry of anguish Hunter threw over the motionless form at his feet, snatched the rifle from Crockett's hands and with it struck down Hank, who, as the man stretched him limp and unconscious on the ground. Before Hank could recover from his surprise sufficiently to offer resistance, Hunter had disarmed him and was roping him to a sapling. This done, he shook the unconscious man with his foot, none too gently, and as Crockett made no response he turned his attention to the girl.

She was lying as she had fallen, apparently lifeless. Praying to find a spark of life left in the body that had become a thousand times more precious than his own life, yet fearing to find that death already had laid its cold hand upon her, Hunter knelt beside Lottie and took her hand. His heart gave a great bound as he discovered that her pulse was almost normal. Swiftly yet with infinite tenderness he opened her blouse and searched for the wound, finding the blood away with a bit of wet moss he saw that the bullet had entered high up in her shoulder, low enough to have proven fatal had it reached its intended mark, but as it was not so very serious if the girl received proper attention. He found some water, bathed the wound and stopped the flow of blood by making a pad of his handkerchief and tying it in place with strips torn from his shirt.

When the wound had been attended to he rose to his feet and stood looking down at the girl. Hearing a sound he turned in time to see Bill Crockett lumbering to his feet with the rifle he had dropped. But before he could use the weapon it was again snatched from his hands.

"This is going to be a man's fight," said Hunter calmly, tossing the rifle into the brush. "And I'm going to thrash you good."

With a snarl of hate Crockett lunged at him, his hairy fists threatening annihilation. Hunter dodged quickly and in return delivered a blow that shook the big man from head to foot. Nothing daunted, Crockett rushed in again, fighting with a sort of blind frenzy,

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hammering the young man and endeavoring to beat him down with his superior weight. Hunter gladly exchanged blow for blow, giving ground slowly and purposely allowing the other to push the fight and thus wear himself out.

Crockett soon became wearied by expending his strength in futile rushes which the young man eluded easily. Following his chance advantage Hunter watched for an opportunity and when he saw an unprotected spot in the other's clumsy guard sent in a powerful blow to the jaw that knocked the big man cold. This time he took the precaution of tying Crockett's hands securely.

As he straightened he heard footsteps. Some one was running thru the woods toward the spot where he stood. Looking up the ravine he saw two brother officers approaching and called to them.

The men came up, panting from their exertion. They saw at once what had occurred. "Pretty good work," said the foremost one. "We figured you would have trouble. The boss was certain something had happened when he received no word from you, and he sent us down here to investigate. We found your cabin, and had decided to stick around until you showed up when we heard the shot and then we came running. I guess we're too late to help much, but we'll do all we can." He looked toward the girl. "I see you've had a casualty. I hope—"

"Yes, Blaine, she saved my life," interrupted Hunter, "but almost sacrificed her own. And there's more yet to be done than you think. We've got to get Lankford yet—he's at the still, I suppose—but the girl's ill. What we want to do is get this girl to a doctor as soon as possible."

"Certainly, by all means," assented Blaine. "We can attend to Lankford later. Here, give us some help," he called to his companion. "You see about the prisoners and we'll attend to the girl."

WITH a couple of poles and two of their coats they made a crude litter on which they carefully placed the still unconscious form of the girl. Then the two prisoners, Crockett having recovered, were shuffled together for the sake of convenience and the party started for the Lankford cabin. Arriving there Blaine and his companion started to town with the prisoners and to get help in removing the girl to town, as since there were no roads over which a conveyance could be brought she would have to be carried on a cot. Hunter was left to care for Lottie.

"Watch out for Lankford," warned Blaine as they started. "He may drop in at any moment."

"I'll keep my eyes open," promised Hunter.

When the men had gone he brought cold water from the spring and bathed Lottie's forehead. Presently under his ministrations she stirred and opened her eyes. Then came full remembrance and she tried to rise, only to fall back with a cry of pain.

"How do you feel?" asked Hunter gently, taking hold of her hand.

"All right," she replied slowly, "only it—it hurts here." She gingerly touched the bandage.

Hunter held her hand and soothed her, straining his ears to hear the sound of footsteps. But the moments flew swiftly by and Lankford did not appear.

By the next day Hunter's mission in the little town had been fulfilled. The two Crocketts were on their way to meet the decision of justice and pay whatever penalty should be deemed fitting. Lankford had been buried on the hill above his cabin. He had seen Blaine and his companion approaching and had begun pumping lead at them, knowing by his two henchmen's disappearance that the law had struck at last. The two men retreated themselves behind rocks and returned the fire. There followed a short but snappy battle which ended when Lankford died, pulling the trigger of his empty rifle. The still was reduced to a useless mass of junk and the stillhouse burned to ashes.

But tho he was no longer bound by duty to remain in the little town, Hunter did not return with his fellow officers, but had remained with Lottie, who had been removed to the home of a friendly neighbor. Here he received every attention from Hunter and a trained nurse whom he had wired for. This last was a decided detriment, as being almost always present, but finally Hunter found her absent from the girl's room and he forthwith resolved to make a confession that he had been pondering for days.

Lottie was propped up with pillows and gazing pensively out the window. She turned her head and smiled as the young man entered. Hunter sat down on the side of the bed and took her hand. "I'm going away soon," he announced.

"Why—why, I thought," stammered Lottie, blushing, "that you was goin' to stay."

"No," said Hunter with a smile. "I'm going back home. And I want you to go with me. The doctor says you will be well enough to go about in a few days. Will you go with me then—as my wife?" His voice had suddenly become very eager.

Lottie did not answer immediately, but her face said quite about his neck and she said with the imperative manner of a child, "Kiss me."

THE END.

Concluding Installment of

The Man-Trap

By Hamilton Craigie

PART II.

CHAPTER FIVE.

A MAN sat in an office on the top floor of a lofty building commanding a view of the city stretching far as eye could see. He was a tall man, with a head which should have been benignant had it not been for the eyes; the mouth lustful, cunning, indwelling on what secrets the man himself might alone reveal.

The office was luxurious, and perhaps you might have guessed something of the man's inward self by the heavy, soft-padded chairs of a curious purple leather; the carpet, a three-pile Genoa; the massive, ornate desk with its silver inkwell and inlaid lacquer-work of writing-surface.

By day he bore a name in a high place; his eyes withdrawn as behind a veil; his mouth schooled to a rigid silence which passed for the quietude of a great mind. By night—ah, that was a different matter. For the man in the office was Vesey Haroun, Raschid, but a despot of devious ways rather than stealthy justice; for by night he was the Purple Phantom, the White Chief, the Invisible Prince, Ruler of the Nameless Ones, altho himself seldom seen, even by his satellites, and then only as a merchant prince of far Cathay, serene, bloodless, behind his Oriental disguise.

Now he lifted a slim, white hand, taking up a newspaper from the desk. And as he read a slow smile of infinite malice curved the pale lips, the eyes on a sunden glowed as if lighted from within:

TAXI DRIVER MYSTERIOUSLY ATTACKED.

Jerry Dennison, Victim of Brutal Beating, Not Expected to Live.

That was what he read and, reading, gave him cause for a terrible, swift, silent mirth.

Meanwhile—

In the underground chamber, the chamber of the branding and the test, again Gregory Vinson faced that encircling ring of dominoed eyes cold and hard, inscrutable behind the all-concealing velvet. A harsh voice spoke with a slow, acid bitterness:

"Brother that was, what have you to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you, according to law?"

Sensible of the irony of it, the detect-

(Continued on Page 14.)

Physical Health means—
Beauty!
HEALTH and beauty go hand in hand. Where the system is run down—the face drawn and haggard—the body limp and lifeless—beauty is missing. Looks of pity supplant those that might have been gazes of admiration.
Restore your health and beauty will take care of herself. S. S. S.—the rich blood builder—rekindles the spark of health and lights the blaze of beauty by building red blood cells. The nerve power of your system finds life in these very blood cells. Build more red blood cells and your nerve power will increase. S. S. S. builds them. Rich blood will tingle through your system. That lost charm will return. Your entire system will be repaired. You will be ready to cope with the impurities and blemishes that handicap beauty.
As physical health means beauty so, too, does S. S. S. mean beauty. For S. S. S. means systems that are free from impurities—pimples, blackheads, acne, boils, eczema, rheumatism. S.S.S. and good health go hand in hand.
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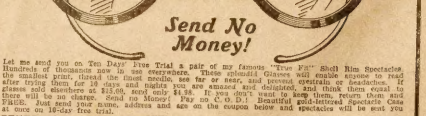
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THE GAP IN THE FENCE

By ELIZA L. CARLETON

IN THE drowsy warmth of the afternoon Peter Williams sat in the armchair that stood by the Franklin stove in the winter and near a window shaded by his huge elms in summer. His head was bowed and his eyes were closed. The breeze coming thru the window stirred gray hairs that were longer than was the fashion, but Peter was fashion unto himself. He lived according to his own whims and caprices, and in consequence he was frequently misunderstood; but that was quite in the order of things as he had planned them. It amused him to be misunderstood, and the gruff voice which he habitually assumed was but a mask for his kind heart.

But Jean, old Peter's granddaughter, saw thru eyes that magnified his virtues and were blind to his failings. From the day she came, an orphan, to live with her grandparents, Peter had been a constant delight to her. As a child she had followed him about to see what he would do next—whatever he did was sure to be amusing—and when she watched him her blue eyes grew brighter, her deep dimples were tied in tighter, and she chuckled in anticipation of the mirth-provoking act she was always expecting. They had been pals from the first, and since her grandmother's death, a few years ago, she had been all Peter's housekeeper as well as his chum.

The latch clicked and Peter stirred in his sleep. The cat, which had jumped into his lap and cuddled there, raised its head and looked at him reproachfully. Peter opened his eyes, smiled and closed them again. The bell rang, rousing him once more, and, still smiling, he raised his eyes to the chair by the window opposite where Jean, his wife, used to sit. The smile faded and he gazed at the empty chair with longing sadness.

The bell rang again, and Peter, sensing what had happened, helped the cat gently to the floor and arose.

"Come, puss," he said, and went to the door, followed by the Maltese.

There stood Ethelda Harrison, gaunt and angular and nervous, flushed from her long walk. She always amused Peter.

"Is Jean at home?" she asked, raising her voice to suit the needs of an old man.

"What did you say?" asked Peter, putting his hand behind his ear and bending it toward her.

"Is Jean in?" she asked in a still louder voice.

"Jean? No—out gallivanting somewhere," he replied.

Ethelda stood on the step, her mouth pursed, her eyes blinking, wondering what to do next.

Peter stood firmly, his mouth grimly set, with a mote, a business—or was it a twinkle—in his own eyes. Ethelda had always been a little afraid of him.

She seemed to be in trouble, but Peter did not offer to help her. She finally decided upon a course of action for herself.

"Jean said she thought she would have a box of raspberries some time this week," she called to him.

Peter put his hand behind his ear.

"A basket of raspberries. She said she thought I might have one some time this week," she shouted, articulating violently with her lips. "Company coming unexpectedly. Didn't have time to let her know."

"You can have them, I guess," he said, opening the screen door to admit her.

"Come, puss," he said, and made his way to the kitchen to take his hat from a hook there.

Ethelda started after him.

"Let me help you," she screamed.

Unheeding, Peter kept on to the shed and took a strawberry basket from the table.

Ethelda followed him and touched him on the shoulder. Peter turned.

"I am afraid it is too hot for you, I'll help," and never had Ethelda's lips performed such gymnastics before.

Peter led the way into the garden and in silence, and the two picked until the basket was filled. Ethelda paid him, and shrieked:

"Don't come in, I'll go out around the house."

Peter watched her depart, and with a chuckle turned to his thrifty garden. A dozen times a day, between hoeing and weeding, he went to look at it. He stooped now to pull a hogweed that had somehow escaped him among the cucumbers. From there he walked down to the currant bushes that grew at the end of the garden by the tall board fence separating his yard from Miss Aubigne Carter's. Here and there a board was missing from the old fence, and Peter observed that wherever boards were wanting, currants were also missing. He had noticed it before.

THE house behind the currant bushes was small. For years before that she had lived there supporting and nursing a bed-ridden sister who was as helpless as a baby, and had to be fed, and turned several times during the day and night. People wondered that Miss Aubigne had not given out first. Peter could remember when she was not old and worn, but vivaciously young and pretty. That was when Nancy, Peter's wife, was youthful, too. The two girls had been schoolmates. Aubigne had planned to go to New York the year he and Nancy had married, as private secretary to the Honorable Joseph R. Brent—an unusual opening for an unusual girl, it had been considered—but she had packed her dreams and ambitions away and locked them in with a key as if they could escape before she should have a chance to use them, and laid up for herself treasures that needed no key to keep them safe.

When Peter returned to the house Jean was already there. Her eyes were shining and her dimples tight.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Grandfather?" she greeted him.

"Ashamed of myself? What for?" he replied.

"He asked what for, pussy, as if he didn't know. Has he been pinching your tail since I've been gone? Or maybe you strike at him with your paw? He's incorrigible, isn't he, Grandfather, why did you tell Ethelda Harrison that you were deaf?" she chuckled.

"I didn't tell her I was deaf," said her grandfather.

"I met her uptown as nervous and fidgety as ever, and she said she'd just been here for raspberries. 'How deaf your grandfather has grown!' she said, and nearly collapsed me, for I knew you had been up to some kind of trick."

Her grandfather's mouth twitched, but never a smile appeared.

"I didn't tell her I was deaf," he said. "I just let her holler."

"I heard something else about you uptown," continued Jean. "If you want your secrets kept, tell them to a woman and not to a small child. Elsie, when you found Reddy Mears in your astrachan tree the other day and nearly scared the life out of him with your tomahawk, you'd do just what you did with him.

"Instead of 'torring an' futherring an' corr'ing him in a corr'ner' you took him to Moore's and blew him to a new suit, and told him to go to Sunday school and learn good language.

"I supposed you were too busy writing letters and running to the postoffice to be spying on me," she added.

"Who wouldn't go to the postoffice when they get such nice letters as I do?" asked the old man, coyly.

"And you'll claim it as you do all of my things," he said grimly, with never a trace of a smile, while Jean sparkled and dimpled.

Jean was engaged to Roger Underwood. From fall till spring, from spring till fall again, the wedding had been postponed because Jean had been afraid that her grandfather would be lonely in a city flat. She could see him in his study by the chimney, and the old Franklin stove with the fire that he loved to stir; she was afraid he could not find a replace of the one laid with logs from his own wood lot, and sawed, and piled in the wood shed by his own hands. So they had waited thru the autumn and the winter; then she knew that when the garden was calling to Peter, her grandfather needed the garden; and she waited again.

Then Peter had deposited a lump sum in the bank for her and had asked her how much more she needed for a full wedding and so the wedding was to take place in October. Peter was apparently as happy as ever, tho Jean watched closely but oftener, sleeping and waking, he dreamed of Nancy.

"Don't you want to see the pretty things I've been buying?" she asked, unwrapping one of the bundles she had dropped on the couch when she came into the room.

"I've made a terrible hole in my bank account. Spent every cent of the check I drew—the last sixteen for stamps," and she looked at him with laughing eyes, whereat Peter smiled grimly.

A Moment He Waited, Then He Saw a Hand Appear Thru the Opening—a Frail Hand, a Thin Arm, the Arm of an Old Person.

"I got two lovely pieces of gingham for house dresses," she said.

"That one is pretty," replied her grandfather.

"You always pick blue. Men like blue," she said. "I think I'll have Miss Carter make them for me, she sews so beautifully, even if she is passe. Poor thing, just think of her giving up that wonderful position to take care of her sister. Think what she might have been, and think what she is now. I don't believe she has enough to eat."

"She made some things for your mother when she was married," said Peter.

"Then I'll have her anyhow. Grandmother said she used to make lovely gowns, but she never could leave her sister long enough to go away and get ideas. She could never get out here, even, except on errands, so she couldn't keep up with the styles. I suppose she's too old now; I don't see why she didn't hire some one to take care of Elsie."

"Elsie had something to say about that," said Peter.

"If Elsie was selfish enough to keep her, she ought to have been selfish enough to leave Elsie. It would have been better for them both," said Jean. "There I am talking about being selfish and I'm taking you away in October. Will you miss the garden very much, Grandfather?"

"Not so much as you are missing some one," replied her grandfather, gruffly.

"We'll come back every summer for Roger's vacation, and perhaps you and I will come for longer. That will be something, won't it, dear?"

JEAN was sewing, sewing and shopping, shopping endlessly, so Peter was alone more than usual, but he did not want for companionship. There was always the cat and the garden.

Peter sat on a box that he always kept under an apple tree at the end of the garden, and looked. He was looking—not at the garden, but far, far away, perhaps beyond the blue sky. Suddenly he heard a sound that made him sit up and listen. He harkened a moment, but not with his hand behind his ear, then he arose cautiously, and, bent low, crept along the fence until he had nearly reached the currant bushes, then he paused to peer between them and the fence.

A moment he waited, then he saw a hand appear thru the opening, a frail hand, a thin arm, the arm of an old person. Peter moved slowly and cautiously along the fence, slower, more carefully, till he had almost reached the hand, then he paused, hardly breathing.

The hand filled with ruby fruit withdrew and in a moment appeared again. Once more the fingers were touching the crimson drops, when—it might have been pass failing upon a mouse, such was the stealth and agility with which Peter seized upon the arm and held it in his grasp. Careful not to lose his hold, he placed his box on the ground and seated himself upon it. For a moment the hand remained passive in his grasp, then slowly, with all the strength at its command, it tried to pull itself away.

A violent, frantic struggle followed, accompanied by a series of jerks, but still the vise held. Silence again. Peter took his watch from his pocket and looked at it. It was 14 minutes before 3.

Peter smiled grimly. Another struggle, and Peter could tell by the sound and the slant of the arm that its owner had sank down—perhaps on her knees; perhaps she was praying. He loosened his grip on the wrist and took the hand in his. A fragile hand! How blue the veins were! A sudden jerk, and Peter almost lost his hold upon it. A silence so prolonged followed that a goldfinch came so near that the crafty Peter might almost have caught it, then it hopped gayly among the bushes.

Silence, silence. As patient as a toy man on a toy seat, Peter sat with a grim smile on his lips. Silence, and the village clock struck 3.

As if aroused by the sound, the woman struggled again to draw away her hand. More firmly Peter grasped it. He looked at it again and his smile gradually faded. How thin it had been around on the grindstone of toil and poverty and want! The slim arm was one of the marks left by the ravages of poverty. How often pain, like wrong doing, leaves its deepest imprint on those nearest and dearest to the victim!

The hand of toil and sacrifice! Peter's own hand caressed it. How cold it had been when he had first taken it, as if her own heart in giving had not retained warmth enough for its own body. Was she dead, too? Peter's free hand caressed her hand. It was warm now. His own hand had warmed it.

He saw himself sitting in the genial warmth of the Franklin stove, stirring the fire. He raised his head as he did that day when the breeze came thru the screen, and the smile half formed, faded, and longing sadness filled his eyes, for the chair on the opposite side of the stove was empty. Was she lonely, too, he wondered.

He thought of the city flat. With his free hand he pulled his collar from his throat; it seemed so stifling and hot. There would be no friendly garden there—neither he nor Jean, or the small verandas, over and under somebody—no friendly fire—no empty chair. Even empty chairs were comfy. The cat, the plants in the sitting-room, the kitchen range—a lifeless gas stove in the place of a living kitchen range!

He brushed his hand across his eyes and down his cheek, and it was moist when he drew it away. Was Aubigne lonely, too, he wondered? He swallowed hard, then, ashamed of his weakness, he arose. Still he did not release his hold on her hand. He would offer

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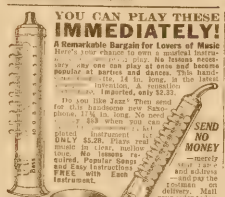

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The Hell Wagon

(Continued From Page 4)

had reached the conclusion that he couldn't do the perfect job of it so hard.

In wordless wrath he was sitting behind a high growth of sage brush when David and Leila came riding back and returning from town; for with the precision of a teacher they reached the new schoolhouse on time. Certainly not one guest had arrived. And since they were so much too early, they had concluded that the perfect place to ride along their home road. When they returned the rest of the company would have gathered.

Both were feeling sentimental, and so they naturally dawdled on the road. They were not hurrying. They did not even hear, when for the third time Jake hailed. "David, I say, come here!" Once more he called, and at last time David heard.

Of course he obeyed that call. He left her without a word of excuse and vanished in the direction of Jake's voice.

It peeved Leila that her lover should be so willing to do the bidding of this old fossil. Why did he not have manners enough to get to the party by himself? While she sat there alone she ran over several plans by which she could alienate their mutual affection. She was so intent upon her unhappy thoughts that she failed to notice the loud peels of laughter that now came from behind the sage bush.

Leila was no angel. In fact, she had all the qualities that endear and antagonize in a woman. She was capable of a sweetheart attractive; but some of them as a wife—and Leila as a wife. Jealousy is not the least of them. Leila was jealous by excuse for her it must be recalled that she did not like it that Nelson loved her. She was under the impression that all his heart's love was given to David. She knew how David loved the older man, and it was human nature to resent this rival affection.

She had thought of several plans; in turn she had rejected them one and all. She was surprised when she heard the saddest and merriest laughter it came from her David.

Then she had to wait, and she listened all over again. She raised her eyebrows. "Now, what can men do?" she thought. "What is making David laugh like that?"

She had decided to go and see for herself what it was all about when David came. He was still giggling. "Just like a girl," she said. She made the seat up, while he removed the cushion from the seat and got out his oil skins.

As he worked he whistled. He wound up. "So if we don't want Old Shakey to break up our party and have him give Oil City hysterics, we'll have to get him in the box of the car and run him over to the hotel. He keeps some clothes at the hotel."

He turned toward the thicket. With giggles interrupting a little later he came back. And as he called, "Come on! Jake ain't looking."

But she was. "No you don't!" crowed David as he clapped his hand over her eyes. Of course it was a game. It was her prerogative. She pecked them, her fingers and so she saw Jake as he stashed the bundle. He wore over David's raincoat. It was a most scant attire. Tall as her David was, Jake was much taller. Moreover Shakey was a big love stout of limb and his chest was broad as a gorrilla's. Truly, it was an awfully funny sight, but Leila could not see the humor of the situation. She was only thinking that their last ride together had been spoiled. When David [illegible] could be so sorry as she.

[illegible] Thayer was only an [illegible] for the romance [illegible] ful. She thought that [illegible] Christ [illegible]

her some currants before she could flee from him.

He looked thru the opening. She was huddled down, leaning wearily against the fence, a saucer with a handful of berries at her side.

"I'm sorry. It was a foolish joke," he said.

"Forgive me, Mr. Williams," she said, "I didn't mean to steal."

"You didn't steal," said Peter.

"One day I reached thru and took a bunch then it was an easy matter to fill my saucer. You seemed to have so many. I didn't see it right."

"You saw it right," said Peter. "I saw it wrong. It wasn't the currants. It seemed—it seemed humorous. I only cared for the joke."

He meant to say more; he meant to offer her berries, but somehow he found words as hard as Ethelda Harrison had that other afternoon. Aubigne did not choose the right words to help him, but he found them for himself.

"There are three or four boards off at the other end of the corral," he said gruffly. "Go thru up there and let me fill the dish. The raspberries are better. Go thru there always and take all you want."

Still he was holding her hand. Looking down he saw her expression. It was almost a look came into his eyes. He stooped down and kissed it tenderly.

"Take all you want," he repeated. "Take all I've got—take me, Aubigne. I'm lonely. I need you. We need each other. We are both lonely. I shouldn't thrive in city soil, but with you, Aubigne —we'd grow happy together."

Nor was that what he meant to say, but somehow he was satisfied.

His hand was still holding hers. She tried to draw it away ever so gently.

"Not till you've promised to pay the toll," he said.

"I can't, Mr. Williams," she replied.

"Then I shall sit here till you do," said Peter, and he seated himself once more.

Aubigne, too, had a sense of humor. She crushed by circumstances it had laid dormant so many years. Her eyes twinkled. Once more she was vivaciously pretty, with a beauty softened and mellowed and sanctified.

"There's no fool like an old fool, Peter. I believe I'm going to do it," she smiled.

Jean was amused when Peter told her his latest prank. Whatever he did amused her; whatever he did was right. Her eyes danced as she kissed him and her dimples were tighter than ever.

"You" are wise beyond your generation, she smiled. "I'm going right over and kiss the bride."

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teachings and ran away with a good-for-nothing. She was then to forget all the tenderness of his love. So she had challenged the Divine goodness, never once realizing that she had reneged on her debt of gratitude. That was seven years ago, and still Leila had much to learn.

Altho she would have been the last to admit it, for she was a bit dogmatic since she had left the teacher's certificate—this heroine of ours still had much to learn. Life would teach her all that she should know.

As it was Leila meant well. She really did, and so she now tried to sympathize with Jake. She forced herself to join in David's merriment, but she could not appreciate the humor of it. Shakey Jake knew that she neither liked nor understood him. Moreover, she wasn't at all amused. His heart grew heavy and his face was drawn with pain.

THREE months of an unusually hot summer had passed. It was September in Arizona and once again the Hell Wagon was being used upon an errand of love. For Mr. and Mrs. David Olney were starting East. It was a long process and Shakey Jake had overhauled his fiery old Ford. He had given it a new coat of red paint.

For this occasion the school children had dragged the car in flags and flowers until there was not one bit of space remaining nitroglycerin warnings to be seen. Indeed it was a vehicle for honeymooners.

When Jake drove down over the last incline that led out upon the river flat, where Oil Town sprawled, he might have been another fiery old express that had already whistled for the station and the sinuous chains of Pullman cars swept around the last curve.

To the east there was hardly a glimmer of mist to tell where the husky silver lay. Here and there a derrick stood threaded in the pearly darkness with a point of light. A moment ago there were purple and ochre glories above the tops of the ridge of hills which encircled the river valley where the main road to their ranch wound its devious way.

Thick, slaty clouds filled the Western sky. It was beautiful on the hills down in the valley where the Oil Town sprawled there was nothing to admire. The town itself consisted of a few frame structures; one or two rusty oil tanks; several exhibars; a store or so; a barber shop and the cafe.

The cafe was their only all-star building. Here were girls and drinks. Yes, here men drank, and here were whistles. Altho the doing so now cost tremendously, but money came easily in the oil fields wherever oil did appear. Of late, prosperity was again flirting with them. Another well had been shot. It was flowing copiously and the men were drunk with the thought of prosperity, prosperity, plus booze.

Jake drove right up to the station platform. He arrived just as the train drew in. Half the town was gathered there. They intended to give the happy couple a royal welcome. All the world loves a lover, while David was in general favorite, his bride was also their ex-school teacher. Here was reason enough for a celebration. As the happy pair appeared, here came a procession of boys and girls, then there followed David's friends and last, but not by least, there was the school trustees committee on finance.

They came to ask about the furnishings for the new school house, but of course they didn't. They were too polite to do so. However Leila understood their anxiety, and she told them that all the furniture was shipped.

The new school house was brought forward. Leila kissed her. That pleased everybody, and the band played again.

Meanwhile a bunch of the boys had gotten hold of David. He beckoned to Leila. He figured there. Then he remarked that she was tired. He told Jake, and while David thanked everybody, Jake hurried to the car. When David got in, he made room for Jake by the wheel, saying, "There's plenty of room, old boy, you should drive." Jake shook his head, and David urged, "Oh, come on. Leila likes it."

He grinned and whispered, "Which I can do that and talk. I've got so much to tell you."

But Jake declined. "You take the little mistress out to her home—and I'll show up in time to get the Hell Wagon back here for the nitroglycerin, which is needed at the Flowing Gold in the morning. They are drilling on beyond our ranch." He gave this information in a whisper, while Leila wondered what he had said that caused David to hug him.

Shy. But that looks mighty good to me!"

"What was Jake saying?" Leila asked, after they had threaded their way thru the throng, and the happy couple at last were headed for the open country where the ranch, which was to be their future home, waited.

"Jake told me that the Flowing Gold Drilling Co. are working out beyond us. That there is a rich oil strata, which they will hit and it is in line with our land, and in search of all. Their engineer says that he tried our side and his drill turned up petroleum sand."

David ran the car with one hand, while the other encircled her waist. He kissed her. They ran the car into the ditch and they spent twenty minutes getting her clear with her hat and mat. "Be careful! Please, watch that ditch."

Then she sighed as she glanced along the lonely road, with no one being near. She thought. For there was nobody to see; but she didn't say this. Instead, she in her turn kissed David

"Careful! Not on your tin type, beloved!" He patted her shoulder. "Still, while I make this hill you better do the kissing."

David winked. "Kiss me again, I like it." He whistled the air of that old tune. "Don't tell mamma, for she'll tell papa, and that will be bad, for they will be mad—but kiss me again I like it." He did.

Then she sat up straight. "The road is dreadful that we must behave! If we don't, we will be leaving this car without stopping to get off."

"Don't get fussed up," David reassured her. "It's quite all right. Why the box holds only our baggage. Don't you see that they have even covered up the nitroglycerin warnings? When old Shakey makes this road tonight—then is the time to be careful."

David's chuckle ceased. He grew grave. "I say, Lilybud, don't you think the old man looks sick?"

She answered: "I didn't notice it; but he will improve when I take care of your grub," she added. Then, glancing at the car, she asked, "Is this our old red car?"

David laughed aloud. "Yes, wasn't Jake funny. Remember the school celebrations? His eyes danced, as he recalled his friend's humor.

She nodded, and they laughed together. Yes, they could laugh at those days. They were glad for the expectations of a surely contented married life, when two people can laugh together. A mutual sense of humor is a real asset—then this little wife had learned much. She knew how to laugh when to kiss. Yes, Leila was getting on.

So greatly had Leila improved, she now loved David with all her heart; and there were several truly wifely virtues that she had acquired. Most of these were reserved for her infatuated husband; but many of them were practiced on Old Shakey.

How he loved her! She lost a part of her antipathy for him, when she realized his honest love for her, she began to help him. She was the one who remarked his suffering. When she perceived that Jake did not wish others to know that he had some dire disease, she stepped before him and idle curiosity. She helped him; and he learned to love him as a woman loves a dear brother. Now this state of affairs did not come all at once.

AT FIRST, Leila spent all her time in the kitchen, and she had declared war upon the insects. Then she specialized in a campaign against their manufacture. Where she met her first defeat. Why it came to such a pass that the men could only smoke in the house when she was out of it. Then, one day, David rebelled. He told her he was going to smoke when and where he pleased. He added that if she had bullied Jake; but she must let up on him—else, he'd leave them and go to town. She surrendered. She didn't want to rob David of his partner. So she never scolded them again about their tobacco. But there was a frown when the smokers couldn't notice.

David began to think that the gladness of life had come to the honeymoon is over and a man and woman settled down. But he was wrong; for altho he found life a settled affair and a wife have very little in common; and that there were days when she, as well as he, was stabbed to the heart; still there were other days that compensated. So far, even in these early quarrels, Leila had always been in the right, and she knew it. That tired David; but Jake always defended her. He saw what a brave fight she was making against her nerves, her sensibilities, and the existing state of things. Now, she

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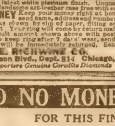

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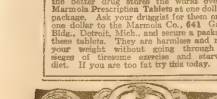

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was trying to settle down to ranch life.

Whatever she did or said that exasperated David, Jake comforted him: for he said, "She'll outgrow that." Jake's position was not one that any man could envy. For having consulted a specialist up-State he had learned that this side of the grave these headaches of his would never be better. There was one operation which, by taking out the fifth nerve, might help. There was one chance in about ten. He gave up all thought of health, and now more than ever he wanted to help his two friends. Gradually, he was adjusting himself into their married life, until he had become their mutual friend. Yet, he realised that it might be better for both husband and wife if neither of them had a confidant. One evening Jake was worrying over this; for David had just slammed out after saying, "I'll get Leila's goat some day, and then she will be good." Jake following his friend to the door He stopped then and pondered. "I wonder if I am making trouble?" was his colloquial thought that was his duty was hard to discover.

DAVID came out of their bedroom the following morning. It was after one of their tumultuous talks. He entered the office and found Jake busily getting ready to go to town with the car. Shakey Jake read his partner's perturbed mood. He beckoned. David followed him outside. Here old Jake patted Dave's shoulder. "Son, which one is it that's to blame for this? Which one have I done? I sure tho't that I had kept them dogs in my own room. I——"

"Oh, it ain't anything like that, Leila ain't using her mind on the tooth. She's searching for our vices today. I've just come across one of hers—which she don't think is anything. Yet I think it's a disgrace. She is crying because she says she can't see it."

The young face twisted into stern lines of disapproval. "At least, I call it a sin. Yes," in answer to Jake's question she is in bed."

He glanced back toward their room. "Don't it beat all! Leila the intuitible, who has been so busy finding out our faults!" David half sneered, then added "But she has just informed me that I've married a thief!"

"A what?" laughed the older man.

"Now don't laugh!" David said. "I got a letter from the finance committee of the school board. They were asking me why all these bills had been sent to them. They were the merchants' bills for blackboards, desks, etc."

He paused long enough to catch his breath. "Well, come to find out, Leila had bought all that stuff with the money. She said she knew that she could pay it back when I sold the cows. She spent the school money for these gim cracks! Borrowed it—oh, Lord!"

He brought up short before Jake; and he added, "I'm glad you can laugh. I'm so d—n funny about this?" For Jake really was laughing heartily.

"You dear old boy," he said, "you have had the all-fired good luck to catch up with Leila, when her angelic wings in the school board has tripped over one of them there commandments! Why, I'd call that playing in the best of luck."

"Hold on!" David interrupted. "This ain't no joke to me, Jake, she is my wife. I loved her when she was——" and the boy's ruddy cheeks whitened. He put a great force upon his voice—else it would have broken. "I reckon, pardner, that I'll have to ask you to let me have the use of your share of that hog money. I refer to the money which we have been saving toward the drilling of the next well. I'm responsible for my wife's larceny."

Jake was about to protest, but David hurried on. "I don't want to borrow her—but that don't mend matters, the public won't. She has just told me that she bought the things with money bet with them school funds. The Boston firm had been dunning her. Then when she would have spoken, she broke off, wrote directly to the commissioners. Here is their letter to me. It encloses this one from her. How could she fail so low?"

"Go slow, Kid," warned Shakey Jake. "Leila is a mighty sensitive woman. The way she has put her shoulder to the work on this ranch is a bully job. She is no quitter. She's got a big old power of nerve up in this Holy Bible class. If Leila has made a mistake it's the first real one. Instead of blaming she has done, and I can see for it."

He hesitated there—for outside a door slammed, and a head echoed. Miss Leila minute I added, "Wasn't it you that old pal, you was gabbing about when you did if you could catch your wife in a mistake? Well——"

David halted in the stride with which he was ranging back and forth across the kitchen floor. Now, he whirled about "You don't seem to understand. It's my honor——" Here he beat his chest with all the sincerity of a young Galahad.

"It's my honor that is smirched I'd rather die than pilfer one cent."

Jake asked, "But' Leila didn't understand?"

"Mr." David answered

What then?" Jake questioned.

"Then she is a mighty poor school teacher and a worse Christian." David growled.

He was hurt so terribly that he did not realize the gravity of his case. He did not realise that his wife could hear this, but she did, she heard every word they said for she had tip-toed just as he spoke. Now she stood leaning against the partition between their two rooms. She gave a low moan and slowly ceased talking. It was as if she had been hurt intolerably. She choked down her grief.

Then the sound of Leila's half-strangled sob Old Jake saw red. The whole room took on the flaring color of his wife's anger. He clapped his hand over David's mouth. "You shut up, son. You stop right there, or with that gone that I hate for you you won't be able to take that money to the school board, not for a month. You, who is aiming to reform it so immediately! Then when your wife has got you patch up again—in course she would nurture you, you are her man, and worship you. Forgive all right—it will be too late to stop the chatter. For people will be talking—men and women alike—people chatter."

"D—n it, Nelson. For the love of Pete stop preaching," David stormed. "I know what I'm talking about."

"No you don't, young man! And this temper of yours just shows that you d—n well need some one to learn you manners." And Shakey Jake raised his fist. "Listen to you now here, you swearing in your wife's presence!"

"Oh, please, Jake, please don't give him the hog money. I have been my son and I am ready to suffer the just punishment for it. Let the people talk. I deserve their gossip." She meant every word of this. She knew the cruelty of talk and yet she meant it.

"Well, David Olney, do you hear that? Listen to the sacrifice you have brought your wife to' With two of us men she is to suffer. Who has sat on them parlor chairs? You and me. We used the furniture." He smiled tenderly at the girl "Leila was thinking of us.

All the while Jake was thus storming at David he was getting out his bankbook. Now he had made out a check which he handed to David. "Here, you take this over to the office of the Oil Twenty Drilling Company and then you pay the school board the bills. After that's done you come back home and give your self time to apologize to your wife."

David obeyed. He started for the shed that sheltered the Hell Wagon, but again old Shakey Jake looked his head out the door and called. His excitement made the twitching from the nerves in his face almost noticeable. Wrinkles jerked his face and twitched down the left corner of his mouth. He beckoned and gesticulated until David came. And his friend's pantomime was bidding him come back and tell Leila good-by. But aloud Jake cautioned.

"I say, Dave, mind you don't take the Hell Wagon. It's loaded and I'm aiming to carry the load of cement to the new fields. Ef that ain't enough, back I must go to town for more." He added. "They are working overtime."

"All right," David answered, "I'm putting my saddle on Sweet Child anyhow." It took some time for David to hitch up. All the time that he consumed in fastening straps and buckles he was trying to adjust himself to this new line on his wife. So Leila the infallible, was only a weak, frail woman, who would misappropriate money in order to furnish their home. God! It was hard to forgive her and yet he adored his wife."

But dear Shakey Jake was giving him his savings—that was a hard one, to be sure, took out his check book. He could pay his wife's bills. Well, since he had accepted, he must do as the old cagic wanted. So he would return and tell Leila good-by

He went back into the kitchen full of the purpose to do so. The room was very much as he had left it. Leila was seated in a low chair by the hearth. She did not look up and she walked to her side. He placed a hand upon her shoulder. He would have patted it, but she shrunk. His face twitched then so he said, "I'm sorry. I've said a lot that I presume I shall regret. I know I have; But since I've said more I've said once I've silenced their spiteful tongues. I'll feel better. I've got all Jake's cash and his checks, too. It's enough. Good-by." He kissed her hair.

He waited. But she did not stir, as she never raised her head, he resented her attitude, he shrugged and left at once.

When Leila realized that she was alone, she sprang to her feet. She wanted to call after him. She couldn't let him go. She had not kissed him. Then she remembered her sin. Of course that was it. David did not want her affection. She walked slowly toward their bedroom. She did not expect this of David; but he was her husband; and all husbands are cruelly heartless!

She had her hand on the knob when David stuck his head in thru the win-

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dow. "Leila!" he called back. "Oh, there you are," for he had spied her standing by the door. "I want to say because I think you have misunderstood me, I'm your husband and I shan't shirk it. I'll shoulder up to them. I'll face all your——your——" Again he hesitated. Then he found the word that he wanted. He said: "Your mistakes."

He was gone. She heard the click of the horse's hoofs as it picked its way down the road. Then she cried. She was crossed with the soothing sobs. So Shakey Jake found her lying by the open door with one hand clinging to the knob.

The older man picked her up and carried her gently to her bed and seated himself by her side. He talked to her. Long afterward, Leila remembered every word of his scolding advise. He began by saying that he was going to talk like a Dutch uncle.

He said, "My child, here is where life's roads cross. Upon what you do this day, all the happy chances for your future depends. It's good for both you and David to find that his wife is very mortal and it's good for you to realize that there ain't no selfishness meaner than the selfishness of the man who wants everybody to do his way."

"Why that is just what my father said to me once. I loved dad!"

Leila raised her head and looked straight into Jake's eyes. It was then that saw Jake Nelson as God saw him. She sat up and held out her two hands. Then Jake bent forward to take them, she flung them about his shoulders and she kissed him.

"Jake, please forgive me. I can see what a conceited donkey I have been."

"Oh, come off" How he blushed! He was so flustered that he stuttered: "Wait a-a-a minute, little sis. I want to get this straight."

For she had whispered something of great import in his ear. That this news was important—very important—Leila knew, but she did not dream that he cared. His actions proved that. He held her two hands in one of his thick red hairy paws. While he patted them softly, he said, "This, what you have told to me, will make all the difference, little sis. All the difference in life world. I'm going to town right now. When I see David, I'll send him back to the little mother and when you see him you hug him. He will do all the rest. David will be the happiest man in the State." Jake pressed his hand to his cheek—when the twitching ceased, he added: "And I, too, am very happy."

Leila lay there for some time after she had heard the last sputter of the Hell Wagon, as it crept carefully over the road leading toward the new drills of the Flowing Gold Oil Co. Then she got up and, standing in the back door, she watched the last vanishing spot of color fade. There was a flash, for the red flared up from a puddle in the road.

She said, "I'll never again call it the Hell Wagon; no, not so long as dear old Jake drives it. It is his chariot of fire, and he is another of God's prophets. God has sent him to us—to David and to me."

Yes, Leila really believed that. For the first time she saw old Jake with eyes of loving understanding.

So it is with love. Love is a big positive thing. It is bigger than sin—stronger than the devil. If God sees real love anywhere He reckons it up. If there is enough to regenerate, then with patience He stands waiting. There was a great healing love waiting at the old ranch. Love waited there for David. There was also a protective love going down into Oil City. Love going to look after David.

For the Hell Wagon picked its way over the rickety bridge that had taken the place of the old ford. Shakey Jake had stopped long enough at the ranch to ascertain that David had not yet returned. Then he had explained that they were shooting oil back there. "That's what I want to tell Dave. It's mighty close, little sis." The strain was very close to their line fence. "I think we are soon going to have a chance to sell, little sis," Jake grinned. "Then you shall have all the furniture you want."

But Leila had wrapped up his luncheon, which she had prepared, and as she handed it to him, she finished his sentence differently from his expectations. "Then you will be able to stop these precarious trips," she sighed. "I wish you didn't have to carry it today. I'm afraid."

She shook her finger at him. "You needn't tell me it isn't dangerous. David let out, that all the insurance agents turned you down. They won't touch you, you are such a poor risk. It must be stopped for I won't have my men running needless risks."

"Oh, that's all nonsense," he interjected. "Don't the boys call me Steady Old Jake. Didn't that hose say that the only thing that was uncertain about me, was this here twitching cheek. Why, I've been driving four years."

Then, as she began to show signs of tears, "Hold on now, little sis, I'll chuck the job if we strike oil; I promise it."

So he departed. He never told Leila that it was the money he had saved from these trips that he had just loaned to David. He never referred to what he gave away, for he was indeed a gentleman. But Leila knew of it, and because she was humble and truly repentant, she, too, said never a word. However she promised her heart that she'd never forget Jake Nelson.

"And if the baby is the son, which I am praying for, he shall be named Jacob Nelson, and I'll teach him to be proud of his Godfather, and to honor Jake's name." She went inside and started supper. It was to be an extra nice supper; for it was to partake of the character of a celebration.

And just when Shakey Jake thought he had his two loves settled in a life of happiness, comes a new and more serious complication. But no sacrifice is too great for a love like Jake's. He solves the big problem—with his life. Just how is told in the concluding installment which will appear next week.

The Man-Trap.

(Continued From Page 9.)

ive could think only of those two whom he had fatted in the hour of their greatest need. He was still certain that the clan had not penetrated his incognito, and in that, and in that alone, there rested a faint spark of hope. Perhaps if he had known of that newspaper item, of the silent reader in the tower, he would have abandoned all hope, but he did not.

Instead, his brain quested furiously this way and that, like a squirrel beating against bars; how much or how little did they know? Had they heard him calling to the prisoners? If they had not, well, there might be a chance. Now he raised his head, his glance steady, his hand firm as a rock, his voice even, controlled.

"Nothing," he made answer with a sort of dogged inspiration. "Nothing, only that I was curious, I admit. I didn't think——"

His voice faltered oddly in the middle register. Could it be that he, Gregory Vinson, veteran of a hundred encounters with the Jackals of the Jungle—could it be that he was breaking, cracking under the strain? Or perhaps——

The speaker turned to a hooded figure at his side, whispering behind his hand. The latter nodded. The inquisitor spoke: "Number Twenty-three, be it known to you that the council discourages the curious; that which is known, let it be known. That which is unknown, let it be a seal to your eyes, your lips."

He paused, for a heartbeat, his voice gathering strength:

"Hear this decree, the decree of the Council of the Nameless Ones."

It was at that moment that Vinson received the sign. He had not been looking for it; perhaps he would never have seen it if one of the hooded figures had not cleared its throat with a sudden rasp. Vinson, turning his eyes, regarded the man with the brief stare of idle attention, which all at once was fused in a tense and compelling interest. For, as the voice droned on, shocking him broad awake by the frightful burden of the words, he caught the sign.

It was unbelievable, and yet he had seen it: the mere fleeting signal which, at the last, spelled life and hope. And even as he took in the dreadful purport of his sentence his fingers, in answer,

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made rapid play. It was, in a way, a sort of deaf-and-dumb alphabet, known only to a very few, consisting of a few elementary motions of fingers upon lips and eyes. No one who did not know it could understand it; would even suspect that it possessed other significance than the usual movements of a man lifting a casual hand to mouth or eye.

And when the last boiteful word of that dread sentence had been uttered Vinson had sent his message. He did not pause to wonder at the presence of this man, nor did he speculate as to his identity—he knew. The message had been given; now he had time to dwell upon the sentence, the carrying out of which he knew to be his death warrant.

And this was the manner of it: That within an hour's time the Number Twenty-three, to prove his loyalty to the Nameless Ones, to atone for his adventure at that dread house of the cisterns would, by his own hand, execute the vengeance of the clan upon——

At the very thought of it his soul sickened within him, his eyes blurred, his fists clinched in a very agony of protest. For, and this was the fact before which he shrank in horror, within the hour he, with his own hand, must kill, in cold blood, a police officer!

That was the test and the expiation.

As in a daze he heard the concluding words of that unthinkable decree:

"That Number Twenty-three, accompanied by Five and Seven, shall, at the time and place appointed, proceed as aforesaid, to the corner of Spring and Varick streets, and there the said Twenty-three shall execute the vengeance of the clan with a pistol provided for the purpose."

Spring and Varick! Vinson knew that corner only too well, and he knew, too, that the genial patrolman who had passed and repassed that corner a thousand times was Charlie Tomlinson, a man whom he had known and loved as a brother many a year!

As in a dream he followed the hooded figures of Five and Seven, as in a dream, as a prisoner marching to his doom, the three, their hoods discarded, himself in the middle, had gained the street.

Like figures in a dream, the three went onward. In a moment now, a minute of time, an hour of suspense, would come the meeting. After that——

And now Number Five, a swart, black-eyed Sicilian, had fallen behind with Seven, a grim, hodeful figure with an implacable, grim mouth. Well Vinson knew that if he hesitated by the merest fraction of a second the two would shoot him where he stood with the calm, impersonal sang-froid of the gunman. For them it would be all in the day's work. And if he hoped to go thru with his mission, to rid the city of this scourge, to remain an established member of the clan, he must do their bidding.

Perhaps his brain may have worked in some such fashion; perhaps, behind the grim mask that was his face, he meditated the supreme sacrifice, refusing that the last the bitter gage. But nothing of this was apparent in his face.

Ahead of them, as they went onward, there loomed that fateful corner, and in the distance the blue uniform, the sun winking on the shield; in a moment now it would be over either way.

The policeman was perhaps ten paces distant when Vinson drew a deep, hissing breath. The officer was nearer now, the sun glinting on that silver shield, bright target for the assassin. Ten paces, five, he came on, swinging his club, whistling a little tune. In the distance the diminishing rattle of an "L" train furnished an obligato, rising and dying into silence.

The officer raised his head, staring straight at Vinson. His mouth opened, in his face a blended look of surprise and sudden concern, behind him as he neared the corner the slow purr of a taxi at that moment idling inward to the curb.

For a breathless instant their glances engaged, like rapier-points. Then with a lightning movement Vinson had raised his gun and fired twice, the double report blending as one. The policeman staggered, clutching at his heart, his face grayed; then in a slumping, sidewise fall he was down.

The taxi roared, in sudden, staccato clamor; the three at the curb sprang for its sheltering depths; it disappeared around the corner in a smother of dust.

Vinson had made his kill.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE House of the Cistern two white faces stared upward into impenetrable gloom. Travis and McAlister waited, as they had waited now for weeks, for that dread moment when the great leaves would open and the end would come upon them out of the night.

"I think it's coming, somehow, Jim," Travis' weak voice echoed in the gloom. "I feel—it's—coming."

His voice ended in a cough. McAlister, of a hardier mold, spoke out of the corner of his mouth:

"Well, let it. Don't lose your nerve, old man! But I did think that time we heard the voice—it was Vinson's, wasn't it?—that we'd see the light. But I reckon we're out of luck. They got him and that was all."

For there were only the two; Vinson had been in error as to Gunson, for the latter had never been there. And now, as the voices died into silence, there came a creaking, a rasping; a trembling began and continued as of giant machinery moving, with the inexorable, slow march of relentless doom.

"It's—come!"

In a moment now would be the end. Already a dim line of light showed just above; beneath them they could feel that iron floor shudder, give downward, an inch at a time, but downward, ever downward. The water, lapping beneath them like some hungry beast impatient for the sacrifice, rose now to a gurgling crescendo. The floor slanted at a still steeper pitch. A foot, an inch and, clawing desperately for hand-hold as they might, they would be hurled, as chaff is hurled, into the depths.

Vinson, returning to the chamber of the council, presented a stony face to the commendation of the clan. He was now free to come and go; he had proved his right to membership; their secrets were his; any moment now they would be ripe for the gathering.

And the secrets were fearful ones; such indeed, if they were spoken from the housetops, as would convulse the world with unimagined fear and terror; secrets, after all, better locked deep in earth or in the muted tongues of dead men buried out of due time.

Now, as he left the chamber, passing outward as of right, he paused a moment under the pale stars, his face oddly contorted, mouth twisted in a crooked smile. A moment only he paused, then, at a rapid walk, was off along the street, doubling and turning, his head upon his shoulder, until, at the mouth of that dark alley leading to that house of fear, he paused again, sniffing up-wind like a pointer.

Against the night sky he could see the house, like a thing of evil, brooding upon the river bank like some unclean and monstrous bat. Then, at a light touch on his shoulder, he whirled.

They had arisen as from the ground, this little group of silent men, grim, hard-faced, unsmiling; one knew it even in the enveloping blackness cloaking them around as with a mantle of dreams.

Vinson spoke low.

"All set, boys," he told them. "Now, I'll lead the way."

But Vinson did not lead them to that manhole cover; instead, a dozen silent figures posted in the alley, the rest he led at a dog-trot around the corner and up to that great door, silent, between its shuttered windows.

A quick word, a whispered command, and of a sudden upon the black wall of the night there sprang a quick, shattering thunder as with pick-ax and maul they broke in the heavy door. Then in a flood they swept onward and across——

Men met them, to go down before the swinging blows of night-stick and granite fist, guns crashed, spitting the red death to right and left; swift justice followed the brief and bloody melee, with its handful of prisoners, white-faced, cowering, sullen, tight-lipped, herded against the wall.

But Vinson, three men at his back, hacked down a door at the far end of a corridor; it fell inward with a splintering crash, and there before them, seated in regal state before a fire of coals, they saw him at the last—the man who called himself Mong-Tsu, the man in a high place.

He faced them with a chill dignity which at the first they could not fathom. Then Vinson made one forward step, stooped, peered into that still, silent countenance.

He straightened, his face grim.

"Gone, boys," he told them, pointing to the empty vial on the table. "We're too late."

A moment he gazed at the dead man in his purple dressing-gown by the fire, then at a sudden had burst down a short flight of steps leading into thick darkness, the three men at his heels.

And even as they ran a suffocating fear clutched at his heart: What if here, too, they might be——too late?"

And then they heard it: the creaking, the clanking as of ponderous and little-used machinery—a whirring as of in-

(Continued on Page 26.)

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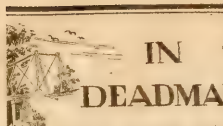

IN DEADMAN'S GULCH

By ALLAN PRICHARD MITCHELL

MR. MONTEZUMA HAWKINS, hostler, but by satirical courtesy the master mechanic of the X. & Y. Z. Railroad at Peatonville, was seated on the cinders and backed up by the yellow walls of the oil house, when I upturned a coal bucket and sat down on it. Monte eyed me for a moment, then:

"Did you ever think of the cussedness of inanimate things?" he asked.

"I can't say offhand; you are too sudden," I answered. "Did you run into a rocker and wake all the kids last night?"

"Rocker nothing," he said with a snort. "I'm talking about those locomotives 9 and 10 we used to have down here; 10 was as temperamental as one of these opera stars, while 9 was a regular enthusiast for work. Standing off and looking at the old eighteen-by-twenty-fours, you would have sworn they were exactly alike. By rights they should have been—same design, same size, built simultaneously in the same shops, and after all was done as dissimilar in temperament as humans.

"If the engineer just said 'Boo!' at the throttle of 10, she started off like a house afire, and when she got to it fell down on the job and spilled some of her works along the track before she had gone a mile; 10 was different; took a good deal of coaxing and cussing to get her to move, but oh, boy, you could hang all the loads on the road behind her, and bet a hat, those cars would go yonder with never a mishap; 9 was some slow, but sure

But 10 was not only temperamental she was devilish tricky. First time she was put in the roundhouse for running repairs she started going of her own accord and backed into the turntable pit, and not long after, this, blamed if she didn't wake up one night and go to cooling away like one of these pianos in a circus parade, and had the fire company out before the watchman could stop it. You just couldn't figure what the old girl would do next. But about this time the passenger department caught the speed bug and the G. M. to put on the Jack Rabbit Limited, and No. 10 was assigned to the front end of it, for whatever idiosyncrasies she had inherited or become afflicted with, she sure could get up and get there when she took a notion to limber up.

Old Man Higgins was occupying the right-hand side of the cab, and the Jack Rabbit was making a reputation for hitting the home station right with the figures on the schedule, until what then happened the Lord only knows. Maybe you saw something of it in the papers. No? Well, about four miles this side of Deadville, where the limited picked up its sleepers, was a deep ravine, over which a bridge carried the county road. Well, one night as the Jack Rabbit was tearing along at about sixty per, and had reached the middle of the ravine with the bridge right ahead, there was a sudden clapping on of the air that made the sleepers fly, and brought the flyer to a stop.

The train crew fell off and ran forward to see what the trouble was. Old Man Higgins was standing by the 10 looking at the bridge ahead of him as if he had never seen such a structure before, and pulling his chin whiskers like they was bothering him something fierce.

"Here!" revelled Bill Crowson, the conductor, "What the blankety blank are you stopping here for? Are you trying to charge me for an overhead trespasser, or what's the idea?"

"A man was hanging, right there!" said Higgins, pointing at the middle of the structure.

"Sure there was a man hanging there," Crowson snorted, "but that was six years ago. Say, what do you think you are running, a 'See it all bus,' and have to stop to view the scenery?"

"There was a man hanging, right there!" Higgins repeated.

"Keep from hitting him!"

Crowson almost went into convulsions and began to hop up and down, then realizing that time was speeding, he turned suddenly and yelled "All aboard!" at the curious passengers who had alighted.

As he swung on himself, he [illegible] fist at the old engineman and [illegible] howled the threat that there would be some one else hanging from that bridge if he didn't get a move on.

FOR the first time since it had been inaugurated, the Jack Rabbit pulled into Bingham forty-seven minutes late. It didn't do much better on the return trip, and Engineer Higgins received a message that burned the wires asking him to drop in and see the G. M. when he got in to Dumville.

When Higgins had turned the 10 over to the roundhouse foreman he took all of his tools from the cab box and left the yards without the usual hearty greeting he was wont to give his fellow workers

The general manager was waiting for him and was all "het" up with the things he was going to say about the Jack Rabbit's performance, but he didn't have time to get under way for Old Higgins saw him first.

"I'm thru with the 10," he said, as soon as he stepped into the office. "I've been warned good and plenty. Never again for Bill Higgins."

"What do you mean, Higgins? Never again, do you mean you will quit your run?

"I've already quit," he responded. "I've been warned, I tell you. I wouldn't go under that bridge again, with that thing hanging, for the whole X. & Y. Z."

The G. M. was puzzled, and looked at the old engineer closely, then: "Sit down and tell me what you saw."

"It was this way," he commenced. "as we were approaching the Dead Man's Gulch, I stooped over to look at the gauges, and when I looked ahead again, I saw, as plain as I ever saw anything in my life, the body of a man hanging by a rope from the middle of the bridge, kinder swaying to and fro. I saw that the muckstack would hit him, and jammed on the brakes as hard as I could. When I got out of the cab, there wasn't a thing but the naked bridge, the body was gone."

The man was entirely sincere; the G. M. could tell this, and sat silent a moment.

"See here, Higgins," he said "You have been working too steadily; take my advice and go off in the woods, somewhere, get away from the engines for a few months. Evidently your nerves have gone back on you."

Higgins finally agreed to this proposition, and left the idea of quitting the road lie in abeyance for the time.

The crew knew the yarn thruout Dumville of the ghost on Dead Man's Bridge, and the concensus of opinion was that Higgins had "nuts in his belfry." But some there were who recalled the strange actions of Engine 10 which put the responsibility upon that machine, and were not anxious to take their turn and take her out the next night. Jim Sawyer, the master mechanic's son, jumped at the chance of

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running the Limited, when it was offered him.

As Jim was on his way home to prepare for the trip, he was stopped as he was passing a little white cottage, almost hidden in Dorothy Perkins roses, by a girl leaning over the gate.

"Jim," she called, "what is all this about father seeing a ghost in the gulch, Mrs Nethery was just telling me something of it."

"I don't know much, Katie," he replied, "I did not see Mr. Higgins before he left the shop, but I am to take out his run tonight."

"Please be careful, Jim," she said in troubled tones. There may be some mischief afoot, a train robbery or something."

"Don't worry, they won't stop the Rabbit tonight—if I know it; but I must be going, and will tell you about it when I return."

He leaned over and gave her a kiss, and left her looking after him, with troubled eyes. The wedding day was only two months away.

THAT night as the Limited neared the gulch, with the old 10 leaping ahead as a thing of life, Jim Sawyer and Dick Sawyer looked curiously along the bright path of the headlight. Suddenly the body, as seen by Jim, dropped over the edge of the bridge, and hung swaying. The fireman had been watching, too, and he gave the whistle a jerk, that sent the echoes flying thruout the hills, while Sawyer leaned back on the throttle and the engine leaped forward with a roar that sent the wind whistling about their ears, right there was nothing, it pulled up at the end of the run on the figure. When Sawyer returned the excitement grew tremendously. His nerves were not of the wrecked order, that was sure, and yet he had seen.

The next trip No. 10 was having some heated boxes replaced, and the 9 was substituted. That night there was nothing whatever to be seen at the bridge, but on the following trip, with the 10 in her place, the same weird appearance returned. There was something uncanny about the thing. Reporters from neighboring cities turned out to watch the bridge, but nothing was ever seen, and but for a woman's intuition, the puzzle may never have been solved.

When Jim was relating his experiences to Katie Higgins, after he had twice seen the thing in Dead Man's Gulch, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Jim, did you ever look into the headlight case?"

"No," he answered, why should I?"

"The 10 is in the roundhouse, isn't she? Let's investigate. I have an idea."

When the case was opened its appearance was not unlike any other well regulated headlight, but Katie was poking around the top with a hat pin, and gave a sudden scream, as a large black spider swung down and hung by a thread right in front of the strong reflector.

"Quick, Jim," she cried, "turn on the light and look at the well over there."

"As sure as you live," Monte concluded, "that long-legged bug had been causing all this trouble."

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Holyoke, basking on the hillside, watched him lazily for a time, then with some curiosity when, at length, the man began wading about in the pools, working industriously with basket and rake. "I wonder if those are oysters? Of course not—here in fresh water!" thought Holyoke. "They are clams, I suppose. Funny sort of business—clam farming! I must go over there and look at it some day."

Farming! Ah, here was a garden of pearls, in the lave of which love sowed seeds of expectation, and above which floated an enchanting fabric of dreams!

Toward noon Holyoke paused at the Threedy gate. In his mind dwelt the picture of the girl tossing the flowers and letting them rain upon her upturned face. What a charming study it would make! Mrs. Threedy was sitting on the porch busily engaged in sharpening an ax with a piece of whetstone. Solomon was not visible. Holyoke entered the gate, a grain of misgiving at his heart. He presented himself agreeably, but the woman met his salutation with a sour stare.

"Be you peddlin' books? Ef yeh air y'r not wanted 'roun' hayer," she said, with terrifying bluntness.

"No, ma'am, I'm a painter," he said, with a note of amusement in his voice. "I saw your daughter, and I——"

"My darter, ner th' house, ner th' stable don't need paintin'," said Mrs. Threedy, with a flash of her black eyes in the direction of the portfolio.

"Mother! Why, Mother! Ain't ye 'shamed to treat visitors that way?" exclaimed the daughter, suddenly emerging from the door. Her cheeks were aflame and her eyes shone like sunlit water.

"I paint pictures," said Holyoke, laughingly, bowing toward Mrs. Threedy and lifting his cap to the daughter. "I am stopping at Duncan's, my home and studio are in St. Louis. I am on a sort of vacation tramp, looking for material. I saw Miss—Miss Threedy by accident this morning, and thought her a fine model. If she might pose for a picture I have in mind—but, of course, it is only a suggestion which she could consider at leisure."

He spoke deferentially, his cap in his hand.

The daughter looked oddly and with deepening color at the handsome stranger, and invited him to a seat on the porch.

"Yes, set, ta... a cheer," said the older woman. "I tuck yeh fur er book agent, an', massy knows, they stir up more trouble! Sol, that's my man, an' Day Mulvey, the blacksmith, each tuck er book uv er city feller what come 'long hayer las' fall, an' now Sol's tryin' t' preach an' Day's makin' er fool uv hisself by thinkin' he——"

"Mother!" said the girl, warningly, and Mrs. Threedy arose and walked into the house, cold and unsmiling.

Holyoke looked away with the corners of his mouth twitching, while the girl, who had seated herself, bit her red underlip, smoothed her calico gown, and drew her coarsely shod feet under her skirts. In a moment Holyoke turned to her and began talking easily of the fine day and the beauty of the region, noting her lustrous brown hair, her low, smooth forehead and straight, short nose—and how arched and strongly penciled were the brows above her eyes. He saw that her mouth was a trifle wide, but warm and piquant and alive at the corners. In truth, he had hardly mentioned the charm of the locality before the curved bow of her lips drew back at the tops and launched a little arrow of laughter. She would tell Day that, for he hated the region so. Who was Day? Mr. Day Mulvey, the blacksmith, over in the valley. She bit her lips again and looked confused. Did she personally like the country? Yes, she supposed so; she had never lived anywhere else. Day thought it would be splendid to live in town, but she didn't know; townsfolk were so different. She thought maybe she would like to travel; Day wanted to.

Holyoke smiled. She was as clear as sunshine, frank, ignorant of the world and obviously happy in her own realm and a love that was not for him. A vague qualm of resentment touched his consciousness. When he again broached the object of his visit, and showed her the contents of his portfolio, frankly assuring her that he thought her a charming model, and that he would be very pleased if she would pose for his picture, she looked both flattered and embarrassed, but her eyes shone like stars. To whom would the picture belong? Well, to himself he supposed. He would probably exhibit it at the Palette Club's exhibition in the winter, and later might send it to New York.

She sat still for a moment, the amber pupils of her eyes dilating and gleaming. For the first time a hand from the outside world had reached into her woman-heart and touched the cord of pride. A vision swam in the air before her. She would ask Day. No, it wouldn't matter; he would be glad; he liked all such things.

"Well, then we will consider it arranged," said Holyoke in a gratified tone, putting on his cap.

"You'd better ask mother," said the girl, doubtingly. "I don't jus' know about her. Won't yeh stay t' dinner?"

Holyoke hesitated, thanked her, and, promising to come in the evening, went away, and the hill girl returned to her work as one in a dream.

WITH dusk the artist came again. Swan was dressed in a queer gown of green stuff, a narrow yellow ribbon about her throat, her rich hair coiffured oddly on the top of her head. Yet, despite the offense offered his artistic sense by her atrocious taste, Holyoke sought her with admiring glances. Her milky flesh, her clear eyes, the willowy curves of her form, coupled with her ignorance and rusticity, lured him like a new creation. He found her father diverting in his oddity, the mother an enigma, her sour disposition melting slowly into ill-concealed pride that he had honored them with his presence. Clad in her best calico, she came into the "parlor," an apartment ceiled and walled with pine boards and painted a solid blue, and listened attentively to Holyoke's agreeable talk. A rag carpet covered the floor and a small, old-fashioned melodeon stood in one corner. On this distressing instrument Holyoke presently played, joining his soft tenor voice to the chords as best he could in songs and snatches of opera.

To the listeners it was wonderful. Swan watched him, a feverish light in her eyes, a vague unrest and distaste for her lot gathering in her heart. His trained voice, his well-bred air, his very clothes proclaimed a finer state, and into her bosom crept the beckoning witchery of far-off things. At length her father sang, or rather roared, a camp-meeting hymn, Holyoke playing the accompaniment, and she felt her cheeks mantle with shame. Until now she would not have believed that a hymn could seem so coarse.

That night after Holyoke returned to Duncan's he sat for a long time on the porch ruminating on the cruelty of caste, the fatality of environment, and thinking of Swan Threedy. In the same hour Day Mulvey, by a candle in the dim loft of his mothers' house, was laboriously reading, for the hundredth time, what "The Golden Legacy of Universal Information" said about the formation of pearls. The book was the tome so severely condemned by Mrs. Threedy. To Mulvey it was the book of revelation. Near him stood a cumbersome but ingenious foot-lathe with which he had shaped, at divers times and with infinite pains, hundreds of tiny globes of mussel-shell, the crude seed for planting in his garden of pearls. All the previous autumn and winter he had toiled over the problem, his great idea. Now it seemed near fruition.

Inspection had shown that many of the base pearls placed in the mollusks were covered with the secretion of the true pearl. The common process consumed years, he had reduced it to months. Luxury and riches lay almost in his grasp. He took one of the new-made pearls from his pocket and examined it closely; the precious saliva of the mussel, laid on in semi-transparent films, had hardened into milk iridescence. It seemed a glorious gem! Hundreds of these were growing in his watery garden! The thought was a kind of ... in his brain.

At the end of a week Holyoke began his picture, and the intimacy of artist and model had a beginning. Not far from the ... Threedy's stood a great ...swood, and under this Holyoke arranged a place for posing. Week after week the picture grew. It seemed long, very long in the making. Sol Threedy, Mrs Threedy, Day Mulvey and others came and wondered at it. Day liked Holyoke; to the great, awkward boy-blacksmith the artist, with his talent, his polished air and urbane proffer of comradeship seemed the most admirable of men. He was proud that Swan had been chosen to grace the painting; it was a step toward that larger life which was rising before them. No jealous thought came to him; he lived thru weeks of elation, watching the pearl beds, working in the smithy, and holding his new friend and the woman he loved in dog-like trust and fealty. One day he told Holyoke of his expectation and took him to see the pearl pools. The artist was astonished. Day took a half dozen large pearls from his pocket and, holding them in his trembling hand, exultingly

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asked Holyoke what he thought. Something like a fit of hate gripped the city boss's heart. This strapping yokel was much achieving wealth! And presently he would marry Swan! And what was his own part but comparative poverty, and—was it true—a bankrupt love? His wonder fell cold; still, he smiled and said he thought the scheme feasible. If he were Mulvey he would send some of the pearls to the city and get a jeweler's valuation and opinion. He gave Day the address of a firm that dealt extensively in precious stones, and left him.

That night he sat on Duncan's porch gloomily pondering. He could not comprehend the fate that promised this country youth so much and passed so little. It was simply aberrant. Neither could he understand Swan. By times he had said to himself that she almost loved him. Altogether she seemed happy, the assailed by moods as the weeks went by, being alternately flirtatious, shy, demure teasing and contradictory.

He had gone on long sketching tours thru the mountain country, at times being absent a week and longer, but always came back at last to Duncan's and Swan. He had told her once that she ought to be an artist's model, and she had flushed with seeming pleasure. Now, as he sat brooding, a black thought crept round in his brain. If he had all those pearls—6 he were among the art ateliers of Paris—if she would go with him—wife or model? The thing was revolting and he threw it from him, but the smirch of it clung in his soul, and after-years the thing itself returned again and again and whispered to him.

On a hot day in the middle of July, Mulvey gathered all the seemingly perfect pearls and brought them in a buckskin bag to Holyoke and poured them in her lap. She was sitting at the root of the great basswood. Holyoke lounged on the grass near her, smoking a cigar. It was a wonderful sight. In the girl's lap lay a quart or more of iridescent spheres. She turned the sunlight thru them and looked up at the big beaming boy, a curious light of tenderness, pity, and embarrassment in her eyes. She was exultant, joyous; Holyoke darkened but smiled and congratulated him. When the young blacksmith had departed he left the bag of pearls with Swan.

"You take 'em keer uv 'em," he said "there'll be more, an they're all fur you."

Holyoke turned away, and she put her hand in Day's arm as he passed. It was a strained, odd fashion, a mist of tears in her eyes. As the young man passed down the road he met Doc Duncan, and saw that he was expecting a report from the jeweler any day.

That evening Doc Duncan rode down by the smithy. Day was heating a plowpoint in the forge, and Duncan, without dismounting, called to him sharply.

"Hayer's a letter fur yeh, Day," he said. "I was over t' Griggs' Corners t'day, so I brung it along."

"Much 'bleeged, Doc; I wuz lookin' fur one," said Day. He peered at the letter in the gloom, then thrust it into his pocket

"Say, it 'pears thet my boarder is sort uv gittin' away with yeh, Day," said the tavern-keeper. "I reckon I'll hev t' take yeh out with Swan. Y're too slow fur her, it looks like I see him and her takin' er moonlight stroll t'gether. Reckon I'll hearn thet she's goin' off with him t' th' city es his—his model. Jeff Childers was tellin' it over t' th' store t'day. Jeff's purty sore since Swan refused 'im, an' mebby he overdrawed it er little, but yeh'd best be shippin' yer stumps, Day, I'm thinkin'." He laughed and rode away.

MULVEY stood in the moonlight, a cold tide of dismay creeping toward his heart. He seemed incapable of grasping the monstrous situation. His eyes were untrue! Going away! He went back forgetfully to the forge and stood looking at the fire; the letter was in his hand unnoticed. His grim face, his great chest began to rise and fall unevenly. He drew out the hot plowpoint without, it from the tempering water, snuffed out the candle and stepped thru the door into the road. There he hesitated a moment, then crossed the bridge and strode off up the road leading to Threedy's. For a little state to the Threedy cottage he paused and listened, all his pulses beating loudly. Holyoke's voice met him presently and he came with it in a note of merriment. As he drew nearer they got up from a bench inside the gate and went toward the house. Near the porch, as they advanced against the light, he saw Holyoke suddenly put his arm around Swan and kiss her. For a moment she seemed to push him, then, laughing, threw him off and ran into the house.

The man standing in the road something scorching seemed to rush, leaving him smothering in a cistern of darkness. A dizzying, awful sense of isolation and bereavement gathered upon him. He turned and went stumbling back along the road, dazed with the disaster which had fallen upon his life. He swerved aside and descended down thru the woods and went far up the river, then turned and came back and passed out into the bottom-lands and wandered about for hours, suffering, distraught. He was too slow! He was not good enough! Alas, it was true! The dew-globules snapped at him like snake eyes, the frogs croaked mockingly, the stars winked and laughed. He was a jest!

Rage at last burst in his breast, bursting all-compelling, horrible. In half an hour he stood panting before Duncan's tavern. A candle burned dimly in the office room. It was after midnight, but Holyoke, smoking, sat on the porch. He arose at once and stepped down to meet Mulvey, gazing as he saw the expression on the young man's face

"Hello, Day! Is this you?" he said, pleasantly.

"Yes. Mr. Holyoke, it's me, an' I've come to have a settlement with yeh! Mebby y'd 'bleeve me by comin' an' hearin' frum th' house so es not t' disturb nobody." His voice was uneven and gasping.

"Certainly," said Holyoke, quietly. They turned down the road and went into an open space below the stables. A wagon stood there and they paused near it. The moon poured its light into the place, but the clouds were creeping toward the south, now and then flushing red with lightning. Each man's face was white

"I come t' ask yeh, Mr. Holyoke, what y're goin' t' do 'bout Swan. I'm goin' t' ask yeh if y're meanin' t' marry her or on'y trifin' with 'er."

"I fancy that's none of your business," replied Holyoke. He spoke quietly, but his eyes glittered angrily.

The blacksmith was silent a moment, grief and outrage mirrored in his face. "Yes, it's my business," he said, his nostrils quivering. "When a man keers fur er woman, and they're promised t' one ernother, it's his business. I hearn the p'ys've come t' you fur 'em, an' I'm askin' yeh if y're meanin' t' marry her or on'y trifin' with 'er."

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"Yes, it's my business," he said, his nostrils quivering. "When a man keers fur er woman, and they're promised t' one ernother, it's his business. I hearn the p'ys've come t' you fur 'em, an' I'm askin' yeh if y'r

dizzy and staggering, he got to his feet. His eyes burned with a pitiless gleam. He stood quietly by. The young smith A grumble of thunder rolled thru the said nothing; he was done with words. sky and pain began falling upon them.

Holyoke coughed hoarsely and spat some blood upon the ground, then went to the wagon tongue and seized the neck yoke. For the first time during the struggle the artist spoke. "I'm going to kill you," he said, thru the blood that clotted his lips. Mulvey said nothing, but instantly leaped toward his antagonist, who, with incredible quickness, threw himself low along the ground, sweeping the young smith's feet from under him. Mulvey plunged headlong. Almost in a breath Holyoke was upon him with the neckyoke lifted, and, as the fallen man attempted to rise, dealt him with the neck yoke lifted, and, as With a smothered groan Day fell back as one dead.

Holyoke stood panting. He looked down upon his rival's white face, strange, unearthly in the lightning's intermittent glare. He had killed a human being! Appalling, awful fact! His hair seemed to rise, fear seized him; unconscious of weakness and his hurts he fled northward, thru the night.

For a long time the fallen man lay motionless, the rain beating upon his face. At last a tremor passed over him, he turned on his side and struggled slowly to his feet. The world dipped and rolled beneath him, and he fell against the wagon and clung to it. He remembered nothing touching the fight nor felt that he was hurt. With Swan he seemed going there, the willow toward the pearl beds. Oh, yes, he had a letter from the jeweler! He would show it to her. He guessed that the jeweler would say that the pearls were worth one thousand dollars each; how much would she guess? A million! He laughed aloud, staggering about in the darkness and rain. Yes, of course, he would go with her into the house and read the letter! He went stumbling up the slope and entered the empty barroom, dream and reality mingling in his darkened mind. He sat down by the candle, opened the letter, and holding it close to the light began slowly spelling out the words.

"The so-called pearls you sent us for inspection are of no real value," it ran; "when bored for stringing, or when roughly handled, the outside film breaks and scales off—"

He stopped; a sudden crackling noise ran thru his head, he threw up his hands as if his hair were on fire, and then sat still, his surroundings and all that had happened fading instantly upon him. He got up quickly, looking down at himself; he was soiled, wet and bloody. Where was Swan?

HE PLUNGED out across the porch into the rain and ran to and fro. He hurried down the road to Threedy's; all was dark and silent about the house. He ran on, came to the cut to Duncan's, then hurried on northward, sometimes running, sometimes walking, his purpose a blur of insane fear. By times he stopped and listened, but heard only the rainy wind sobbing in the trees and his own heart thundering in his breast.

At length the storm abated, and at last a yellow foam of light began to rim the east. He then saw a man's tracks pointing northward along the road; he followed them like a wolfering hound, his head down, till he came to the river; it was swollen and turbid. The footprints turned near the margin, he stopped, narrowed his eyes toward him. The artist had the look of one who might have fallen from a great height, as from a burning aeroplane; he was pitiful to see. He tottered with weakness, but came eagerly, his hands extended in joy picture of black and swollen face. The young blacksmith's eyes, gleaming under blood-matted hair, took on a puzzled look, it seemed that Holyoke must plunge into his arms.

"Day!" he cried, "oh, God, I didn't kill you, Mulvey!" he cried; "my sin is not murder—my sin is not murder!" He was running from the river to foot.

Mulvey drew back, and lifted his knotted fist above his head.

"Don't you touch me, Holyoke!" he cried, hoarsely; "don't yeh lay er finger on me! There's worse sins an' killin' than that! There was a woman's precious soul! What yeh goin' t' do erbout Swan Thredy "

Holyke's hand fell and he said, "I told you what was not true. She refused to go away with me, and she refused to marry me. I made love to her, misuse myself by making her love me. I fell into my own trap. She cares only for you, and it made me hate you. In my suffering I lied to you. I regret it now—bitterly."

A soft expression came into Mulvey's face, a lighter look than in the dawn. His whole frame seemed to relax. He looked at Holyoke pityingly a moment, then stood with head down.

"Im sorry fur yeh, Mr. Holyoke," he said, huskily. "We've been er couple uv fools; men mostly yeh reckon, when they're keerin' fur a woman. Let's go home."

He helped Holyoke up the hill. They stopped on the spine of the main ridge. Far and low down in the east the sun swam in a sea of rose, the sky was luminous. The two men looked at each other, battered, stained, wet.

"I'd like t' give yeh somethin'," said Mulvey. "The pearls air worthless—I've lost er fortune, but you've lost th' most, an' ef y'll take thet bay colt uv mine, thet's down in th' pasture, I'd like t' hev yeh."

A mist came into Holyoke's eyes. "No," he said thickly. "When I'm well enough I'll go away and get to work."

Mulvey wrung the artist's hand and turned back and followed the river homeward.

A month later Swan sat with him on the river bank near the mill. The girl watched him with tender eyes. She had brought the bag of pearls. He laughed and colored, poured them out in the big hollow of his two hands, and looked at them.

"They're purty," he said, "but spur'ous: they're no good, Swan!"

"Yes," she said, "they found the letter up at Duncan's."

He laughed again, and suddenly flung the pearls out and into the stream. They descended thru the sunshine like a rain of milky fire, the water caught and blazed with them, then flowed softly onward.

"I'm glad they're gone," said the girl, dreamily, "now we won't hev to leave the folks."

"Yes, I reckon we ain't hardly fitten to live as rich folke do," he said: 'anyhow, one pearl is enough fur er blacksmith, like me."

And as he spoke his glowing eyes sought her blushing face.

* * *

He Was Not a Murderer.

It was at a country depot, and two men and a girl had left the train, when an oldish man walked into the depot and said to the master:

"You had better keep an eye on those men out there. They are talking about murdering that girl. Your constable ought to be told right away!"

"I will go right out there," said the depot master.

And he went out and said to one of

A remarkable "rejuvenation" is reported by Charles W. Laurette, 75 years of age, a well-known and respected resident of Mississippi. Mr. Laurette declares he has been made as "young" and vigorous as he was at the prime of life, although not so very long ago he was truly old, in every sense of the word, and believed his days were numbered.

This astonishing change, of which his latest photograph seems to be abundant evidence, was brought about in 21 days, Mr. Laurette says, by a simple home treatment which cost only a few dollars. Mr. Laurette used the recently discovered Korex method, which literally has many similar and equally amazing reports to its credit. He bought the Korex in 5-grain tablets, taking six a day. In a week, he asserts, he noted a surprising improvement, which continued without interruption until, in exactly three weeks, he considered himself "as good as new." Of his experience with the korex system, Mr. Laurette writes:

"I have been taking the korex compound three weeks and can truthfully say that I am a well man today. In fact, I am as vigorous and supple as I was 35 years ago.

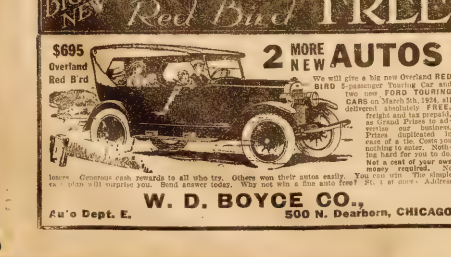
"When I began using the compound, I walked with a cane. My memory could not be depended upon, my eyesight was so poor I could hardly tell my most intimate friends across the street, and I was very nervous. In fact, it seemed as if I surely could not stay in this world much longer.

"Thanks to the korex compound, all those ailments have disappeared. I can read without my glasses, can count myself a man among men and the world looks bright again. No amount of money would induce me to go back to the condition I was in 22 days ago. I was 75 years old September 5, 1923, so you can see the compound has worked wonders. I, of which I am a living, walking witness. I would advise all men in poor health to try the korex compound."

The compound to which Mr. Laurette refers is prepared in compressed, convenient tablets and can be used at home by any one. Although it is harmless, it is rated as the most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly on lower spinal nerve centers and blood vessels, it often brings amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours, according to thousands who have used it.

The compound has been tested in all parts of the country and has won the praise of legions who suffered from nerve weakness, lost or depleted vitality, neurasthenia, exhaustion, premature age, impaired glandular activity and lack of information and vital force. Its effects seem to be virtually the same on both young and old. Physicians say one of the active ingredients of the compound gives speedy satisfaction in obstinate cases that defy all other treatments, including those composed of gland substances."

For the benefit and protection of spiritless, half-alive folk in need of such a preparation, the American distributors have arranged to supply a double-strength treatment of the discovery on a guaranteed trial basis. If you wish to test the compound under a money-back guarantee, write in strict confidence to the Melton Laboratories, 2104 Melton building, Kansas City, Mo., for a two-dollar supply of the korex compound, mailed in a plain, sealed wrapper. You may enclose two dollars, or simply send your name, without money, and pay two dollars and postage on delivery. In either case, however, if you report within ten days that you are not satisfied, the laboratories will refund the purchase price upon request. These laboratories are nationally known and are financially reliable, so nobody need hesitate about accepting their guaranteed offer.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the young men:

"See here, if you have planned a murder, let me tell you that it won't go. You will be caught at it as soon as you try that game."

"Oh, I see," said the young man. "Why, we were talking about a play that we are to rehearse. The play runs something like this. 'I will kill her! I will kill her!'

"Here are a couple of complimentary tickets, and hope you will come and see our play."

The Burning of Rome

By Ray Humphreys

OVID WHITTIER SMITH saw the sheriff coming and thoughtfully zigzagged across the street, but the sheriff cut across and headed him off.

"Say, Ovid, what yuh doin'?"

"Me? Nuthin'!"

"Then I want yuh; I'm gettin' up a posse to go after Tom Camp, that two-gun scamp what's been terrorizin' the county—I need every man I kin git, pronto!"

"Oh, that!" said Ovid

"Yep," snapped the sheriff. "Go on home and get yer rifle and meet the rest of the boys over——"

"I ain't goin'!"

"What?"

"I ain't goin', Sheriff!"

"Why not? Yaller?"

"Nope—too busy; got to take a pome up to the Clarion office fast as I can; sorry—awfully sorry; just can't see my way clear to go—and besides——"

"Besides what?"

"Well—besides—Tom Camp ain't nowheres arounds; I scared him outta th' county, Sheriff!'

"You?"

"Yep—I run him out!"

"You run him out? You scared him outta th' county! My gosh, Ovid, you lead me to that still wherever it is—you've been a-drinkin' that much white mule—you, you run Tom Camp out—O Lord—oh, say—ha, ha, ha!"

And the sheriff doubled up with mirth.

Ovid gazed patiently at the sheriff for all of a minute; then he turned and walked away. The sheriff was a low-brow and everybody knew it—at least Ovid Whittier Smith knew it. The sheriff had once threatened Ovid with the calaboose if Ovid wrote any more poetry on the Presbyterian Church rectory.

"I ain't paid to chase outlaws," said Ovid, walking on; "let him chase 'em—I got business of importance!"

At the Elite drug store Ovid dropped in for an ice cream sundae and he stopped again at Tony's for a slice of watermelon and a bag of salted peanuts.

"There they go," said Ovid, munching peanuts.

The posse—a scant half dozen men that the sheriff had been able to rustle up on short notice—galloped out of town and Ovid felt in his pocket to see if he had his poem.

HE ENTERED the Clarion office boldly "Howdy!"

The man with the sunshade over his eyes did not look up at Ovid's greeting so Ovid took the empty chair and made a survey of the office. He had been in there once before, the day he graduated from school and had taken his graduation poem of eighteen pages to have the Clarion print it and the janitor, who also delivered the papers, had been ordered to put him out.

"Howdy?" essayed Ovid again

At that the man looked up

"Hello," he said.

"I'm Ovid Whittier Smith," said Ovid, brightly

"Yes I know that," said the man wearily.

"I just dropped in," began Ovid

"Nothing special, I hope?"

"Well—yes—they was—you see—"

"Could you come back next week"

"Why—er—er——"

"Im blamed busy; if you could return next week?"

"Well——"

"Ah, thank you, thank you; any day next week?"

"But say——"

"Make it Thursday or Friday."

"Aw, say," said Ovid grew red in the face, "you trying to string me? I ain't coming back next week—I got a poem I want to hand in——"

"The Lord is merciful," said the editor, talking in riddles, "thanks be it isn't two—well, let me have it."

Ovid reached into his pocket and drew out a roll of paper, from which he took one sheet and handed it over.

"Prologue," he announced. "Th' Burning of Rome!"

The editor ran his eyes down the paper.

"Some thoughts sublime
I've put to rime
And wove into my pome
How Nero's joke
Sent up in smoke
The glory that was Rome!"

"Well," and the editor sighed, "I can't see much to it—of course it's good—every bit of it is good—but you see the Clarion doesn't print anything like——"

"Here's the real pome," said Ovid, proudly

He handed over four or five sheets of paper.

"This bure's afire" the sheriff cried.
"All hands turn out to pump!
Ff we're goin' to save the city hall
We sure have got to hump!"

But Nero, he was fire chief,
Sez, "What do I care for that?
The G. O. P. controls this burg.
An' I'm a Democrat!"

The editor put down the sheets of paper on his desk with a bang, then grabbed off his glasses and his eyeshade.

"You confounded ass!" he bellowed. "you can't cast insinuations against the Democratic party in this office! I'm a Democrat and blamed proud of it! No Democrat ever stood by and seen a town go up in smoke without trying to prevent the conflagration—by gosh. I'll thrash you——"

Ovid put a chair between them

"Furthermore," roared the gentleman with the clinched fists, "I doubts seriously if this bird Nero ever was a Democrat! Who said he was? Who told you he was a young man? I demand to know that! Who told you Nero was a Democrat?"

Ovid put the big desk between them.

"The imprudence of you! Coming in here to insult me and all good Democrats with a pome like that! This bird Nero could sue you for libel and I for one would say he was done absolutely right —I'll lick you——"

Ovid darted towards the door.

But the door was closed and he didn't make it. The editor had him in three jumps and they clinched and went to the floor together, locked in tight embrace. Ovid was husky for a lad of 24, but the editor was indignant and determined and not particular as to how he fought so that he had Ovid on the defensive in the first round.

"Leggo me, you upstart!" he bellowed. Ovid would gladly have let go, but it wouldn't help his paid. The editor was striking out with both fists and both feet and the safest place in the room was right under the editor's chin so Ovid cuddled up comfy as a kitten, but let go at right and left himself, causing the air to become thicker with profanity and uproar. A chair got in the way of something flying foot and it went over with a crash, and then Ovid shook the editor by the neck the editor's head made a rapping sound on the floor like a triphammer

"Yuh can't get fresh with me!" grunted Ovid

How long the match would have lasted is problematical

"What's this——"

THE door, unknown to either of the antagonists, had been flung wide and in the room stood the sheriff. There were many others, too—crowding in behind him. There were exclamations of surprise and alarm. Two husky gents reached down and lifted Ovid off his victim while other assistants kindly aided the editor to his feet.

"What's going on here, anyway?"

"That upstart," cried the editor, pointing a trembling finger at Ovid, "that upstart has the nerve to come into this office to insult the Democratic party and me! He makes a crack that this bird

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Nero was a Democrat and a bum fire chief—and I challenges that statement——"

The sheriff stroked his chin.

"This ain't no time for pleasantries," he opined, frowning, "we come here on business, Mr. Editor; we got plenty news for you—here, read that!"

He shoved a tattered paper into the editor's hands.

"Read it out loud!"

The editor cleared his throat:

"Warning to Tom Camp, outlaw," he read, glancing at the laboriously printed headline, then he read on:

"Tom Camp, I'm goin' to get you yet,
You robbin', murdurin', sneakin' houn',
The things you done I won't fergit
An' come what may I'll run yuh down.
Yer blighted soul is black with sin,
But hardboiled stuff don't help you none.
While sheriffs' stars is made of tin,
An' honest men can shoot a gun.
The' women scream to hear yer name,
Yer reign o' terril-ll soon be oar,
I'll lick you at yer nasty game,
Yuh yaller pup, you've made me sore!
"—OVID WHITTIER SMITH."

"Now," said the sheriff, rubbing his hands together, "what do you think o' that——"

"Worthless rot! If you come over to bring me that as news I say you're gone loco!" cried the editor, flushing. "This galoot Smith can't write poetry any more than my old brindle cow can—he can't do as well!"

"What's that pome worth?"

"Worth? Say, Sheriff—ain't worth lightin' the fire with—it's worthless, absolutely worthless!"

The sheriff snickered.

"Well," and he stuck out a big hand towards Ovid, who couldn't savvy what it was all about, "well the County of Conejos is goin' to pay five hundred bucks fer that pome; Mr. Ovid Whittier Smith here wrote it an' stuck it up on that big pine tree at the crossroads."

Ovid blinked—he was seeing daylight.

"Sure, I did that to scare Tom Camp outta the county," said Ovid swelling up, "it's a dern good pome."

"Well," said the sheriff, "it was up on that big pine and along came Tom Camp, just as we started out fer him, and when he read this here pome he up and plugged at it six times with his gat, cussing like blue blazes, and then we hopped him; he'd used up all his ammunition and we nailed him—got him in the callyboose now; there was a $500 reward out fer him so the county is just goin' to pay $500 for that pome to Mr. Ovid Whittier Smith!"

Ovid let out a squeal of joy.

"An' I suggests," said the editor, recovering from his surpise, "that Ovid write another pome or two and they be given to Camp and thus save the county the cost of an execution, erecting a gallows an' everything!"

But it went over Ovid's head. He was gathering up the "Burning of Rome" from the office floor.

* * *

The Observer

He Continues to See Things Peculiar and Otherwise.

A COAL bill twenty-four years old was received by a clothing man the other day. Of course he did not pay it.

—

The city of Sandusky, Ohio, has lost two hundred population in ten years. They have started seven picture houses of late, in hopes to get some new inhabitants.

—

James Stratton of Milwaukee has a a dog 52 years old. The dog is now wearing out his third set of teeth. Anyway, that's what Jim is telling his newest friends.

—

They won't allow colored preachers in Tennessee to sell lottery tickets, and there is talk of raising the price of preaching.

—

Wisconsin has been very fortunate for the last ten years. Not a wife nor a husband has eloped. They got the best that was going and have been satisfied with that.

—

More than one thousand doctors are mixed up with the Kansas question as to whether everybody should be vaccinated for smallpox. It is about an even thing with the doctors, but none of them want to be vaccinated.

—

One hundred and fifty-nine Germans had their ears shot off during the war. When you say here, here, here, they cannot hear at all.

—

William Waterman, a plumber, at Augusta, Maine, dreamed of finding a pot of gold, and he awoke and went out into his garden and found one. William has many offers to dream for other folks.

—

They have had no earthquakes in Italy of late, and many people are afraid that nature is holding back something which will give them fits when it does come

—

An editor of a weekly paper in Minnesota was in a fit the other day, and he confessed that he has been trying to live on one meal a day for the last three months.

—

John Scott of Kalamazoo, Mich., advertised for a wife and received one hundred and two offers. Most of the writers were widows, and all of them said they could make soft soap and beat carpets.

—

A goat, which had been a pet in the Taylor family of Duluth, died the other day, and in his stomach was found a pair of scissors, three table forks, two rattle boxes, three glass tumblers, and four spools of thread. The goat has been living high for a year or two.

—

"Bury me where I fall," said James Turner, as he was falling out of a window of a four-story building in Cincinnati. They did not do as he requested, but lugged him off to the station house.

—

A pumpkin so large that it would hold two boys was accepted at a county fair in Iowa, and the exhibitor took in a prize only worth one dollar. Neither boys nor pumpkins are cheap out that way.

What He Was Going For.

He was a small boy, with a fishing rod on his shoulder, and a pedestrian hailed him with:

"Hello, sonny, are you going fishing?"

"Why, I thought I was," was the reply.

"But you don't suppose you will catch anything, do you?" continued the man.

"No, I don't expect to catch anything. I just want to stir up the water so that no other feller can catch anything."

* * *

St. Louis uses huge vacuum cleaners to clear some of its streets of dirt.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

Instead of taking harsh or drastic internal medicines that upset the stomach, you simply inhale the pleasant, harmless smoke of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes.

These cigarettes are made from wholesome, medicinal herbs, flowers and berries and when smoked produce a soothing, healing, medicated vapor which reaches every nook and corner of the respiratory tract. They contain *no tobacco, no cubebs, are non-habit forming* and may be used by women and children as well as men.

How Smoke Penetrates

We all know the penetrating nature of smoke. As an illustration — the smoke from a leaky stove, smokepipe, or chimney, will make its way into every nook and corner of a room, into the closets, and it will even saturate the clothing. Your nose will detect it quickly and your eyes will feel it. Exactly in the same way the smoke of DR. BLOSSER'S REMEDY, when drawn into the mouth and exhaled through the nose, will penetrate the most remote and hidden tubes and cavities, nooks and recesses of the head. In order to get rid of catarrh it is necessary to secure the proper smoking remedy, and use it regularly for a sufficient length of time.

The great difficulty in the successful treatment of catarrh is the problem of applying directly to the inflamed and ulcerated membranes, a healing remedy that will reach all the intricate air passages of the head, nose, throat and bronchial tubes.

It is the height of folly to try to heal inflammation and ulceration in these parts by medicine swallowed into the stomach.

It is equally foolish to try to heal a disease by a local application that does not reach half the diseased parts.

In these two things we have the explanation of the failure of the majority of catarrh remedies and treatments.

One set of remedies is taken into the stomach, and they fail—every one of them.

Another set consists of sprays, douches, ointments, or balms, which reach only a small portion of the diseased parts; whether the medicine itself has healing virtue or not, it cannot heal where it does not reach. All remedies applied in those ways are a failure, and must be, no matter what they are composed of.

In contrast with all these things is Dr. Blosser's Remedy. It consists of a warm vapor, heavily laden with the medical extract of the Remedy, which can be sent to every affected part.

How to Know When You Have Catarrh

An uncured cold results in catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or the loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh.

Catarrh frequently leads to failure of hearing with ringing, roaring, popping noises in the head, or even total deafness.

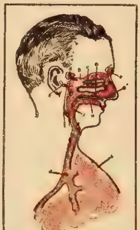


Fig. 1

The red in Fig. 1 shows the wide extent to which Catarrh may spread all through the head and nose, down the throat, and possibly into the lungs. Notice the slender tubes through which a remedy must go to reach A, E and F. A successful remedy must reach all the red portions. See Fig. 4.

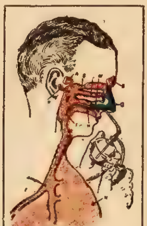


Fig. 2

The blue in Fig. 2 shows how little can be done with a spray from an atomizer. See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

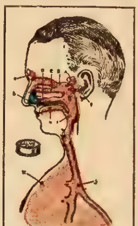


Fig. 3

The blue in Fig. 3 shows how little can be done with a salve (ointment or balm). See how much of the red (catarrh) remains untouched.

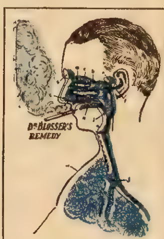


Fig. 4

Fig. 4 shows the same parts that are shown in Fig. 1, but it is shown blue because the smoke-vapor from Dr. Blosser's Remedy can be made to reach every part. Compare this with Figs. 2 and 3, and you will readily see why other methods fail. Dr. Blosser's Remedy "Hits the spot."

EXPLANATION OF CUTS

The same letter refers to the same part in each of the cuts.

A. Sphenoidal Sinus. A slender passage way allows catarrh to enter here causing a deep-seated headache. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy enters by the same passage through which the disease entered.

B, C, D. Upper, Middle and Lower Meatus. Catarrh locates itself in these passages, giving rise to a catarrhal discharge and often causing an enlargement of the turbinates which surround corresponding meatuses. Dr. Blosser's Remedy is applied directly to these parts.

E. Frontal Sinus. Catarrh makes its way into this Sinus through a narrow tube, the infundibulum, causing neuralgic pains in the forehead. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blosser's Remedy gets at the disease through the same passage that it entered.

F. Middle Ear. Catarrh enters through the Eustachian tubes, giving rise to head noises and deafness. The smoke-vapor of Dr. Blessom's Remedy enters by the same tubes and arrests the disease.

G. External opening of the nostrils.

H. The Mouth.

I. The Throat, where catarrh causes sore throat or laryngitis, etc.

J, K. The Lungs and Bronchial Tubes, where catarrh causes bronchial troubles.

Mail This Coupon for **TRIAL PACKAGE**

The Blosser Co., 1215 TC, Atlanta, Ga.

Please send by mail your trial package, containing eight Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for which I enclose ten cents (coin or stamps) to cover postage and packing.

Name ....

Town ....

Street ....

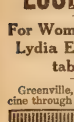
or R. F. D. .... State ....

(Spell out name with pencil very, very plainly)

CHANGE OF LIFE LOSES TERRORS

For Women Who Rely upon Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Greenville, Pa.—"I took your medicine through the Change of Life and it did wonders for me.



I was down in bed when I started to take it and weighed 95 pounds. I had hot flashes and was so nervous and weak that, every time I would get black and I could not sec. I would sit and cry and did not know what I was crying for. Since I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel younger than I did ten years ago, and my friends all tell me I look younger, and I owe it all to the Vegetable Compound. I do all my housework for a family of seven now. I will be glad to answer any woman who writes me in regard to my case."—Mrs. JOHN MASS, 68 Union St., Greenville, Pa.

Many letters similar to this have been published testifying to the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. They are sincere expressions from women who describe as best they can their feelings before and after taking this well-known medicine.

Many times they state in their letters their willingness to answer women who write them. It is an offer dictated by gratitude and a desire to help others.

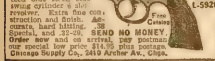
LEG SORES

HEALED AT LAST!

Torturing, grinding, painful Leg Sores healed without pain, sleep well nights, work and walk as usual after dress has been twice weekly with Viscose Method. "My sores healed for the first time in twenty years. I am delighted with Viscose Method and recommend it to others. M. Brown, Niles, Michigan. Send for free Booklet describing this new painless, proper FREE home to smoothly heal Leg Sores with new skin instead of scabs. WRITE NOW, suffer no longer

VISCOSE CO.,
802 So. Lake St., Los Angeles, Calif.

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 25 cents.

W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

By a Shake of the Hand

By Mendel M. Solomon

HASKILL turned from the cigar counter, leisurely applied a match to his cigar and started towards the elevator. The next moment he halted abruptly as he heard his name called.

Turning, he saw a tall stranger hurrying thru the hotel lobby, his hand outstretched.

"Why, Bob Haskill!" exclaimed the latter, wringing his hand. "The last person I'd expect to see here."

As their hands met Haskill felt the other press something into his palm.

Before he could reply the stranger had taken his arm and was leading him towards the door, keeping up a rapid fire conversation.

"I'm more than glad to see you, old man," he continued. "Just my luck, tho, to see you within ten minutes of train time. Take care of yourself and I'll see you the next time I'm in town."

Before Haskill could recover his amazement the stranger had stepped out on the sidewalk and disappeared in a crowd of people leaving an adjoining theater.

Haskill opened his hand and gave a start. Within his hand lay a fortune. His eyes rested on a large blue white diamond, nearly as big as a pigeon egg. His hand closed quickly and he glanced around, noting with relief that what had just taken place seemed to pass unobserved by the half dozen persons in the lobby.

Transferring the stone to his pocket he walked quickly to the elevator, and a few minutes later entered his room. Snapping on the light he strode over and pulled the shade down, placing a chair against the window to prevent the wind blowing against the curtain.

Standing directly under the light he brought the stone into view and examined it closely.

To all appearances the diamond was flawless. Vivid flashes radiated from the gem as he rolled it about in his hand. Haskill realized that he held the worth of a king in his hand. Never before by a man he had never laid eyes on before.

A frown covered his forehead as he dropped into a chair, turning the matter over in his mind. Without a shadow of a doubt he had never seen the stranger. Yet the man had called him by his first name. Doubtless a case of mistaken identity to him in a mysterious manner a diamond which undoubtedly was worth thousands had come into his possession. Proof to Haskill that he must have met the stranger or known him at some time. Still he was unable to remember having seen him until a few minutes before.

He finally gave it up. Reaching into an inner pocket he produced a wallet and laid it on the table. Tearing a strip of paper from a magazine he carefully wrapped the stone and tucked it within the wallet. He then began to undress and prepare for bed.

Sleep, however, did not come readily. The strange manner in which he had come into possession of the diamond could not be forgotten and every time he rehearsed the whole affair. Yet with each repetition he came to the same conclusion. Either a case of mistaken identity or some one was playing a joke on him. Thought of the stone told him it was safely tucked away.

He finally fell into a troubled slumber. Fanciful dreams filled his slumbers. Countless jewels of all kinds seemed pouring down upon him, stifling him, driving the very breath out of his body.

He awoke with a jerk. Cold perspiration stood out on his forehead in drops. Stepping from the bed he sat on the window and drew the curtains aside, allowing the breeze to sweep thru the room. Lighting a cigarette he sat on the side of the bed and felt his nerves settle. A few minutes later he was sleeping soundly.

WHEN Haskill awoke the following morning and glanced at his watch he was surprised that he had overslept himself by nearly two hours. For the hands of the timepiece pointed to 9 o'clock.

"Too late to work this morning," he thought, suddenly to remember what had taken place the night before. He was undecided whether the affair had really taken place or was a dream.

His doubts quickly vanished as he took the wallet from his coat. There within lay the stone. In the morning light it was even more beautiful than when he had viewed it the previous evening.

As he finished dressing and left the room Haskill decided to go to a jeweler after breakfast and have the stone examined. In like manner, he told himself, he would determine whether the jewel was really genuine.

Finishing the morning meal he strolled from the dining-room and stopped at the desk to inquire for mail.

"There doesn't seem to be any for you, Mr. Haskill," said the clerk after a moment's search.

"You're a little late this morning," he continued as Haskill turned away. "Missed a little excitement a few minutes ago."

The latter turned "How's that?" he asked.

"Seems that there is a crook in town who has stolen a diamond worth a tidy fortune," said the clerk. "An officer was in here a little while ago inquiring if he had been seen. He is supposed to be in town as he was seen to catch a North Eastern train out of Laurel yesterday, headed this way."

"Haven't caught him have they?" asked Haskill, trying to conceal the eagerness in his voice

The other shook his head. "Not yet. It's possible that he has already beaten it. The officers are right in behind him and expect to land him any minute. They've looked around at all the hotels and rooming houses, but haven't had a trace of him. But if he's still suspected. A man who will steal a diamond that valuable isn't going to take chances. He's going to make sure of his getaway."

Haskill nodded. Like a flash he understood why he had been given the diamond the night before. The criminal knew the officers were hot on his trail and rather than run the risk with the stone in his possession had given it to Haskill. Why it had been given to him all people he would not understand.

On top of that it returned to him that the stranger had called him by name—his full name.

"Here comes one of the officers now." whispered the clerk as the door opened suddenly and a heavy-set man of middle age entered briskly. Straight to the desk he strode and asked for his key.

"Any news, Bill?" he asked the clerk as the detective turned away.

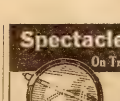
The latter paused and leaned on the desk. "Nothing" he shook his head. "But he must be in town. We know from

GALLSTONES

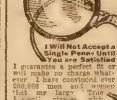
Simple Home Palliative Treatment Advised to Stop Suffering.

About one person in ten has infected gallbladder or gallstones. First symptoms are indigestion and bloating, agonizing attacks soon follow and often neglect leads to surgery. But many have a horror of surgery; many are too old, poor or ill for dangerous operations. Palliative treatment with medicines is being more and more advised by many noted authorities except in extremely dangerous cases. Dr. E. E. Paddock, Dept. 2, Kansas City, Mo., has prepared a treatment used for years. Being a close student of drugs and their actions, he knew after his long practice a treatment that has brought relief to hundreds of sufferers. Ministers, lawyers, farmers, actresses, judges, civil engineers, railroad men, merchants, army officers, laborers, writers, etc., have used his simple treatments to their satisfaction. Hundreds of letters testify of health restored and freedom from suffering. Write the Doctor at the above address and he will gladly send any sufferer a free booklet describing gallstone troubles and explaining this home treatment.—Adv.

Spectacles FREE!
On Trial



Send No Money



I guarantee a perfect fit or will make no charge whatever. I have satisfied over 200,000 men and women that way. I say glasses without an eye exam, are the finest and most durable specta-cles to be had. I want to send you a pair at my own risk, without one penny in advance. These splendid glasses will enable you to read the smallest print through the finest needle, see far or near, blur vanishes in a few days, preventing eye strain and headaches. All I ask is that you send me your name, address and age.

Don't Send a Penny I know that these finest **I Trust YOU** ground glasses will give you the keenest, clearest vision you ever had or MONEY BACK, so you can see what a long-time bargain I offer you—then pay me. Wear them on and see with what ease and comfort they will enable you to read, work and sew, even the smallest print, close up, by daylight or lamplight.

If after wearing them 30 days and eighty years are delighted with them and think them equal to spectacles you have paid $15.00 for, send only $3.98, the entire cost to them and there will be no charge for the trial. Don't buy glasses until you have tried these. Don't delay. Don't send money. Just fill out and mail coupon today. Don't miss this offer. Don't put off writing. Don't forget. Don't neglect

To Make Rich Red Blood

Revitalize your worn-out exhausted nerves and increase your strength and endurance

take Organic Iron; not metallic iron which people usually take, but pure organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which is like the iron in your blood and like the iron in spinach, lentils and apples. One dose of Nuxated Iron is estimated to be approximately equivalent (in organic iron content) to eating one-half quart of spinach, one quart of green vegetables or half a dozen apples. It is like taking extract of beef instead of eating pounds of meat. Nuxated Iron is partially predigested and ready for almost immediate absorption and assimilation by the blood, while metallic iron is iron just as it comes from the action of strong acids on small pieces of iron filings.

Over 4,000,000 people annually are using Nuxated Iron. It will not injure the teeth nor disturb the stomach. A few doses will often commence to enrich your blood. Your money will be refunded by the manufacturer if you do not obtain satisfactory results.

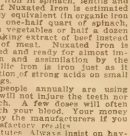
Beware of substitutes! Always insist on having genuine organic iron—Nuxated Iron. Look for the letters N. I. on every tablet. Sold by all druggists

NUXATED IRON

For Red Blood, Strength and Endurance

Lowest Prices in U. S. A.

BRAND NEW **7.95** Extra Magazine FREE



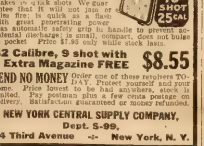
This famous German Gidget Receiver is the most famous of all light firearms. Made of the best drop forged steel obtainable. One of the great features of this rifle is the fact that it is the only .25 caliber automatic that shoots 8 times without reloading. Has a 16 shot magazine which you can FILL, makes it quick shots. We guarantee that it will not jam or misfire; is quick as a flash, with great penetrating power. Has automatic safety grip to handle to prevent accidental discharge; is small, compact, and can be carried in pocket. Price $7.95 only while stock lasts.

32 Calibre, 9 shot with Extra Magazine FREE $8.55

SEND NO MONEY Order one of these revolvers TODAY. Protect yourself and your home. Price lowest to be had anywhere, while it lasts. Pay postman plus a few cents postage on delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

NEW YORK CENTRAL SUPPLY COMPANY,
Dept. S-99,
64 Third Avenue -:- New York, N. Y.

FREE To Boys



THIS DANDY CAMERA

Made by the Eastman Kodak Co. so you know it's good. Takes pictures 2½x3¼—No boy's equipment is complete without a good camera.

Many Other Premiums

Our readers are not only getting knives, watches, baseball mitts, cameras, ridges, phonographs and many other splendid premiums, but are also making lots of money. Many of them earn up to $2.00 a week in cash. It doesn't cost a penny to start. You sell them and get your money out.

MONEY TOO

We give you 5c out of every nickel you take in. This money is in addition to the valuable premiums we give. Don't miss this chance. Get one of these fine cameras—then get other premiums—other surprises—also. Just fill in and mail the coupon below, and we will send you the complete parent's outfit free and tell you how to get customers.

W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., A, Chicago, Ill.

I will be silent for your 3 papers. Send me an assorted copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. Also tell me about the free premiums.

Name .....

R. F. D. or street .....

Town ..... State .....

The Bell-boy Had Hardly Crossed the Threshhold When the Man, Still Holding the Knob, Whipped Out a Revolver and Covered Him.

a reliable source that he caught the train at Laurel. Anderson wired here, but he wasn't seen to leave the train. More than likely he dropped off out in the suburbs and walked into town."

"I beg your pardon," said Haskill as the officer turned from the desk, "may I speak with you a moment?"

Baskin regarded him silently for a moment. "I guess you could," he returned slowly. "What's on your mind?"

"Let's sit down," suggested Haskill, motioning to a couple of chairs in the corner. "Probably I can throw a little light on this diamond mystery."

At mention of the stone the officer's whole attitude changed. His eyes narrowed to a line as he looked intently at Haskill. Without a word he walked over, sat down and turned to the other. "What do you know about it?" he demanded

"I know quite a bit," returned Haskill. "With a little assistance I'm pretty sure we can land the guilty party."

For a moment Baskin did not reply. He bored Haskill with a fierce gaze, leaning forward. The latter was reminded of a bird dog crouching before a covey of quail.

"You are either trying to run a bluff or else you know something about the matter," he said at last. "I warn you that if you are kidding I'd advise you to cut it short. You might not find it pleasant to monkey with the law." His tone assumed a threatening note as he delivered this statement.

"I was never more serious in my life," replied Haskill earnestly. "And if you will only do a little explaining, I might be able to give a lot of help. In fact, I have a pretty good idea where the diamond is now."

Baskin started violently. "Where?" he asked quickly.

Haskill smiled faintly. "Go ahead with your story first," he said. "Then I'll talk."

Baskin cleared his throat. "The diamond I'm trying to find is owned by Colonel Gowan, a rich planter in the southern part of the State," he began. "Some time ago the engagement of his daughter was announced. She's going to marry a prominent business man from the West. To help hold up his end of the affair and make it worth mentioning in all the society columns Colonel Gowan made it known he was going to give his daughter a diamond which has been in his family for seventy years."

Pausing to light a cigar, he continued. "The engagement was formally announced two weeks ago at a reception at the Gowan home. In the midst of the ceremony the colonel rose and presented his daughter with the stone, which, according to the papers and those present, was one of the largest and most beautiful ever seen.

"Hardly had he handed it over when the lights went out. In the confusion that followed some one grabbed the stone from the girl's hand. Before they could restore order and turn the lights on again somebody did it except. The wires were cut outside the house, and it took nearly half an hour to fix them."

"But surely none of the invited guests would have done it," said Haskill. "At an event of that kind no one would have been on hand had their presence not been requested."

"All good and well for that," returned Baskin. "But Colonel Gowan extended an invitation to the papers to send reporters. Undoubtedly, among those who represented themselves as being from the newspapers, was the guilty party."

"A pretty good way to pull such a stunt," nodded Haskill.

"What do you know about the case?" asked Baskin.

"A couple of days ago I saw a stranger here in the hotel and he acted kinder suspicious," said Haskill. "I met him over at the cigar counter and couldn't help noticing him as he acted so queer. Got all excited when I tried to talk to him; in fact before I could open my mouth he beat it. Almost ran out of the door. He was tall and slender and wore a dark suit and plaid cap."

"That's the fellow," broke in the officer excitedly. "But you said you knew

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

Cured His Rupture

I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 17-K Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J.

Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

He Was Bald

Amazing Hair Growth

"I had been losing my hair gradually, for a long time. At last I had become almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head.

"The small photograph is taken from a football group, and can be verified by any number of people who know just how I looked when bald. The larger photo shows my appearance after using three boxes of Kotalko."

This verified statement is by Jack Evans, well-known athlete. He is but one of the big legion of users of **Kotalko** who voluntarily attest it has stopped falling hair, eliminated dandruff or aided new, luxuriant hair growth. You can buy a full-size box of **Kotalko** at almost any busy druggist's.

7000 Boxes FREE

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko, for men and women's hair, the producers are giving 7000 Proof Boxes, postpaid, free to those who ask. Not a cent to pay for one. Just write to KOTALKO CO., 473-B, Station L, New York.

ASTHMA

Cured Before You Pay

At last! A positive remedy to cure Asthma. D. J. Lane's discoveries have been used successfully by thousands of sufferers who now testify that they are entirely free from these dreaded diseases. No matter what else you have tried—send your name and address for a regular $1.25 bottle of Lane's Treatment. It will be sent postpaid—use it and after you are cured send me $1.25, otherwise a report from you cancels the charge.

You want to be cured—The First National Bank of St. Marys, Kan., will tell you I will do as I say. You take no risk—Simply send your name and address—a postal card will do. Address **D. J. Lane, 95 Lane Bldg., St. Marys, Kan.**

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Home Supply Co., 428 W. 59th St., Dept. 123, Chicago

"Show that man to me and I'll produce the diamond," returned Haskill.

"Show him to you!" snorted Baskin. "I've been trying to catch him for the past couple of weeks. If he acted so blamed queer in here why didn't you report him as a suspicious character?"

"I tell you I'd hardly seen him before he was gone," persisted Haskill. "Besides, I didn't dream that he had stolen anything."

"But I'm fairly sure your man won't go very far even if he has already left town," he continued. "He passed a hand against the wallet in his pocket and felt the stone concealed there as he spoke.

"You seem pretty sure, young fellow," said Baskin. "Who are you and what's your business?"

"Robert Haskill is my name," was the reply. "I'm salesman for the Lyon Wholesale Company. But right now I've chucked my job and turned detective temporarily." He grinned as he spoke.

"You'll find me right here any time I'm needed. Mr. Baskin," he continued as they rose. "I'm going to do a little looking around and might call on you."

"You'll find me all right," was the reply. "Get busy as quickly as possible and if you see him look me up at once. There's no time to waste." Then the return of the stone to Colonel Gowan.

SHORTLY after 8 o'clock that evening Haskill was summoned to the desk. "Telephone call for you," said the clerk. "Over there in the private booth."

A moment later Haskill closed the door carefully and placed the receiver to his ear. With a start he realized that he was talking to the mysterious stranger who had stolen the diamond in the hotel lobby the day before.

"Have you still got the diamond?" asked the voice over the telephone.

"Yes," replied Haskill. "I still have it. But who are you and how did you get it?"

"Never mind that. Ikras is the answer. "You'll find out pretty quick. The main thing is that you've still got the stone."

"You bet I've got it," said Haskill. "And what's more I'm going to hold to it until all this business is cleared up."

"Just as you like. Keep your mouth closed," came over the wire, "and you'll pick up a few hundred dollars. It's now 8:15. I'm going to your room No. 214 in room 219 of the Union Hotel. And be sure to bring the diamond with you. I'll explain after you get here."

"I'll do it," answered Haskill, glancing at his watch.

"Be sure you come alone," warned the man at the other end of the line. "Don't try any monkey business, as I'll be on my guard."

Haskill heard a click and realized that the stranger had hung up the receiver.

Five minutes later Haskill was in earnest conversation with Baskin, the detective.

AT EXACTLY fifteen minutes past 9 o'clock Haskill paused on the second floor of the Union Hotel and rapped at door 219. For a moment he heard nothing and was on the verge of knocking again when the key turned softly and the door opened a fraction of an inch.

An instant later it was flung open and Haskill stood face to face with the man who had given him the diamond.

"Come in," he invited the latter with a smile and for the first time Haskill realized that he was a pleasant-looking fellow. Looked like anything but a crook, he thought to himself.

"I suppose this is all mighty strange to you," said the man as he closed the door and turned the key. "I'm sure it would be to me. Especially since I had never seen before would deliberately make me a present of a valuable diamond."

"That's what I couldn't understand," said Haskill. "But I think I can see thru it now."

The stranger started to retort, but was interrupted by Haskill, who was seized by a violent spell of coughing. For several minutes he continued.

"Ring for some tee water," he gasped, turning red in the face. "I can't hardly get my breath."

The man stepped to the telephone and spoke a few words. Three minutes later Haskill was still hacking as some one knocked at the door.

"In here, boy," said the stranger as he opened the door.

An instant later a surprising thing happened. The bellboy had hardly crossed the threshold when the man, still holding the knob, whipped out a revolver and covered him.

"Stick 'em up, Wilson," he demanded. "And be quick about it."

The water crashed to the floor as the request was complied with. The bellboy was none other than Baskin, the detective.

For a moment not a sound was heard save the frantic breathing of the latter. It was Haskill who finally broke the silence.

"What in the dickens does this mean?" he demanded, turning to the man who still had Baskin covered. "Are you trying to pull another job?"

"Not hardly," was the reply. "I'm merely arresting the man who stole the diamond from the Gowan home." He strode over and removed an automatic from Baskin's pocket.

"Unknown to yourself, Haskill," he continued, "you have been instrumental in landing him. There's a five thousand dollars reward for his apprehension. I'll see that you get your share."

Haskill turned to Baskin. The latter had dropped into a chair, his face ghastly pale. There was a defiant look in his eyes as he gazed back at Haskill.

"You've been on me to it," he said, turning to the man who held the gun. "But you must admit I ran you a close race."

"For the love of Mike," gasped Haskill, turning to the real officer, "what does it all mean, anyhow?"

"It means," said the latter, smiling faintly, "that the man sitting there is none other than Jerry Wilson, the thief that stole the Gowan diamond. I trailed him as far as Laurel and arrested him there. Made him give up the stone. Then I started back to Enondale, where Colonel Gowan lives. However, one of Wilson's confederates swiped my suitcase at the hotel, which, unfortunately, contained my credentials. Since then he has been using my name and passing as an officer, trying to arrest me for having the diamond in my possession. I learned your name from the clerk at the hotel and passed you the stone, as Wilson was right on my heels. I realized that if he got the diamond he'd make his show of nabbing him again. I figured I'd have more chance getting it back from you than from him."

"Who are you?" asked Haskill, astonishment in his voice.

"Chester Baskin," was the answer. "I've just re-established myself. Managed to get into Wilson's room and get my badge. Headquarters and convinced the officers here that I wasn't faking. We let Wilson take enough rope to hang himself. And he did it. By the way, what's your profession?"

"Grocery salesman," was the prompt reply. "And I realize fully that I wasn't cut out for anything else. But right now I'm interested in the reward for return of the diamond to Colonel Gowan."

The laugh was he brought the beautiful stone into view.

THE END

Why the Maid Did Not Leave.

BY EVELYN M. WATSON.

"HOW is it your maid has been with you so long? That particular girl was most dissatisfied with Mrs. Clarke," remarked Mrs. Bates to young Mrs. Weatherbee.

"I don't know," Mrs. Weatherbee replied, "except that I have put myself in her place every time there has been a misunderstanding, and as a consequence we understand each other perfectly now.

"Another reason is that I realize her work is her life, and so let her have a room she can fix up as her very own. I have her bring me now and then how to run the graphophone, and when they are alone or she is alone she can use her best judgement about having a little music.

"Occasionally she makes candy for herself and the children—a few cents' worth of sugar a month is cheaper than having to break in a new maid every time in a while.

"She has company, too, in the back library, when it is not in use, and this is a wonderful privilege for her—while it is no real sacrifice for us, it enables her to sit down over her as we would one of our own daughters. Margaret is very contented. She paid me a great compliment yesterday; she said I am like her mother who died."

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Ethel Decides

by Lon Jerome Smith

IT WAS an unrearranged. Ethel could tell that, the minute she walked into the house. Several new pieces of furniture had been installed, New prints hung on the walls and the room had a rather inviting air. It was her aunt's fault. After having aided materially in getting Dorothy and Evelyn married off, Aunt Ella had turned her attention to inducing Ethel to make the matrimonial leap.

"I don't see why you object so strenuously to Carleton Spencer," said Aunt Ella one afternoon as she sat with Ethel on the wide, cool veranda. "He's quite polished, and besides he's well provided with the world's goods. Why, the last time he called on you, you were almost rude to him."

"Oh, I can't help it, auntie," protested Ethel. "He bores me to distraction. I just can't stand the way he talks about himself and his business. He thinks of nothing but money."

"My dear," replied Aunt Ella sternly, "money is quite important in this sordid world. You'll find that out some day."

"Yes, I know—It's a necessary thing, but—but, there are so many things more to be desired than money," Ethel insisted.

"Well," sighed Aunt Ella, "all I can say is that the girls of today have got some very strange ideas." She paused a second; then, turning to Ethel, continued:

"Have you given any thought to your future? You're 23—that is, you will be in a few days—and it's high time you were thinking of settling down."

"Oh, auntie," Ethel pleaded, "please don't start that all over again. You've harped on that subject until I'm tired of hearing it."

"All right," snapped Aunt Ella, rising, "but some day you'll be sorry you didn't listen to me." She went into the house, slamming the big door after her.

ETHEL had many admirers. Her piquant beauty, her effervescent youth and her alluring personality were magnets that attracted men to her as moths are drawn to a flame. Among her suitors were Carelton Spencer, whom she actually detested; Capt. Egbert Benson, whose overbearing manner and air of importance fairly nauseated her, and Dickie Edwards, a wealthy ne'er-do-well, whose name had been connected with a half dozen scandals. Aunt Ella was doing her best to induce Ethel to accept one of the three and to that end had invited them all to elaborate birthday party for her niece.

"I have invited these eligible young men," Aunt Ella told her sister on the day of the party, "and I do hope Ethel will announce her choice. It doesn't matter which one she selects for a husband, as each is quite wealthy. And I do so want to see her settled comfortably."

Ethel felt ill at ease all thru the long afternoon. The knowledge that Aunt Ella was trying to marry her off to any worthless suitor who was wealthy rankled in her and her spirit rebelled vigorously.

Late that afternoon, attired in a short sport skirt and becoming pink sweater, Ethel left the house, cutting across the wide-flung lawn, struck out toward the Ridge hills that flanked the town on the west.

The cool, fresh air whipped a healthy color into her soft cheeks as she walked at a fairly rapid pace up the winding path that led to the top of one of the hills. She turned suddenly at the sound of a masculine voice and found Harry.

"Why, Miss Fenton, I haven't seen you for ages. What luck to meet you this way!"

"Oh," cried Ethel, in surprise, "how you frightened me, Mr. Brooks!"

"I'm sorry," pleaded Harry Brooks, his dark, warm eyes taking in at a glance Ethel's figure, "but I've been trying to catch up with you for full ten minutes. You certainly move right along, don't you?"

Ethel smiled sweetly at him and noted his healthy, tanned features and his clear, gray eyes that looked at her so candidly. Harry had been her childhood sweetheart, but, with the passing of years, letters soon ceased to come and she had almost forgotten him. But his presence at her side brought back all the recollections of their childish love affair and she felt strangely drawn to him.

Seated on a huge boulder at the top of the hill a little later, Ethel turned her pretty face to him and asked:

"I thought you had forgotten all about your friends in the little town, Harry. But I'm awfully glad you are back. Have you been here very long?"

"Just came down today," Harry answered, moving close to her. "I've just opened a studio here."

"Oh, I'm so glad," Ethel exclaimed, trying hard to conceal her delight at this announcement, "and you're going to stay here now?"

"I hope so. You see I've been rather successful in my work." And he told her frankly and modestly of the strides he had made in his chosen profession while she listened with rapt attention.

"It's been rather lonesome for me," vouchsafed Ethel, lowering her eyes. And before she knew it was telling him saying she told him all about Aunt Ella and her plans for inducing her to marry some rich man.

When she had finished Harry took her hand in his and said in a low voice:

"Ethel, dear, I want you to listen to some of my plans. They won't coincide with your Aunt Ella's, but I hope you'll be very much interested in them."

For a long time they sat in the gathering shadows talking in low whispers, and as the moon arose behind them the great hills Harry tenderly took her in his strong arms and kissed her upturned lips.

"Look your best tonight, sweetheart," he said, when they had returned from the hills. "I want to give some of your suitors a good shock at the party." Ethel nodded and ran joyously into the house.

THE big living-room was well filled with guests when Ethel made her appearance and the male contingent, gasped with awe at her ravishing beauty, magnificently set off by a stunning lavender gown that enhanced her many charms and emphasized her fresh youthfulness.

Harry escorted her into the brilliantly lighted room, much to the surprise of Aunt Ella and her guests.

The hum of conversation suddenly ceased and Ethel heard Harry's voice saying:

"My friends, Ethel wishes me to announce her engagement."

Aunt Ella nearly swooned and dismay was plainly written on the faces of at least three of the male guests.

"And to think she would choose Mr. Brooks," said Aunt Ella's sister later that night after the guests were gone.

"Well," said Aunt Ella, resignedly, "it'll be nice to have an artist in the family. I've always wanted to have my portrait painted."

The Man-Trap

(Continued From Page 15.)

visible cables straining at the release.

Vinson covered the intervening space with desperate, lurching, diving face downward, at the thrusting knob of metal; he reached, got one groping finger upon it, pressed downward upon it with all his strength.

For a moment, his heart in his mouth, he knew that it was touch and go. Then, before his eyes, the great leaf slowly opened, widening, lifting up—up.

Then from the void beneath he heard them—three lusty cheers, raised, as it might be, from the tomb.

In a room at police headquarters below the level of the street a patrolman in full uniform stood rigidly at attention before the rough, unfinished wall. Before him, sighting carefully along the barrel of his service pistol, a man in plain clothes aimed carefully for the officers' heart; there came the crash of the report; the patrolman gave back one single lurching step; then he steadied, grinning an expansive grin.

"I'll say the new armor is the goods, and then some," he told the man with the pistol.

THE END.

Good Times Coming.

There were half a dozen boys together and they started to brag as boys will. One of them bragged that his dad was going to drive a laundry wagon next week, and one other cried out:

"Why, a laundry wagon! Next week my father is going to drive a hearse!"

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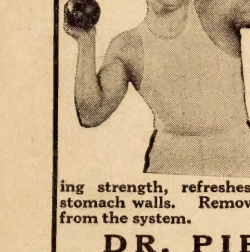

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EYES GRANULATED, INFLAMED OR weak. Guaranteed remedy. Nobles Company, 161-L, Jefferson City, Mo.

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LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

AMERICA'S GREATEST FORTUNES MADE in this business. Complete outfits sold on easy payments. No experience needed. Opportunities everywhere. Free catalog. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 85, Memphis, Tenn.

STORIES WANTED

STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, ETC., ARE wanted for publication. Submit MSS or write Literary Bureau, 599, Hannibal, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them; particulars for 2c. Model Co., Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO

EXTRA FANCY SMOKING, 10 POUNDS, $2.50. Good smoking, 5 pounds, $1; 10 pounds, $1.50; 20 pounds, $2.75. Chewing, 5 pounds, $1.50; 10 pounds, $2.75. Quality guaranteed. O'Connor Smokehouse, S 151, Mayfield, Ky.

SELECT SMOKING, 10 LBS., $2.50; GOOD smoking, 5 lbs., $1.00; 10 lbs., $1.50; 20 lbs., $2.75. Select chewing, 5 lbs., $2.00; 10 lbs., $3.50. Quality guaranteed. Co-operative Tobacco Growers, C 112, Mayfield, Ky.

TYPEWRITERS

ALL MAKES $15.00 UP. GUARANTEED TEN years. Thirty days trial. Typewriter Company, Fordham, New York.

OLD COINS WANTED

OLD COINS WANTED. WILL PAY FIFTY dollars for nickel of 1913 with Liberty Head (not Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for large coin circular. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Binde and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Binde of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

EASY TO SELL GROCERIES, PAINTS, AUTOmobile oils, roofing, to consumers from sample. No capital or experience; to right man steady, profitable work. Commissions advanced. Satisfaction guaranteed; 51 years in business. Write for full particulars. Loverin & Hewes Wholesale Grocers, 1709 So. State St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN — OPENINGS FOR A FEW Business not content to earn less than $70 daily, calling on merchants; self selling daily necessity. Big repeat business. Permanent employment or side line. Elcor Corporation, 417 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.

MAKE $300.00 TO $500.00 MONTH DISTRIButing Speedoline; permanent work; exclusive territory; automobile free. Write for particulars. Speedoline Co., Dept. 216, Dallas, Texas.

AGENTS WANTED

W. F. OMEIS, A FORMER BRUSH SALESman, made over $5,500 profit in 1923 selling our $1.50 kitchen specialty. He is now a district manager. We are offering you the same proposition—an opportunity as big as you care to make it. Let us tell you what he did. Write today to M. H. Tyler Mfg. Co., Dept. 2-W, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of soaps, perfumes, toilet articles & extracts. Big line of fast selling specialties in each locality. Manufacturer direct to consumer. Handy wagon furnished. Whole or spare time. Cash or credit. Send at once for price list. Quick action. Products Co., 8741 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS, MEN AND WOMEN, $240 A week. Big supply company wants agents to call for Jennings new guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. Make $240 weekly with each pair. All styles. Finest silk hose. Low priced. Write for sample. Big outfit free. Jennings Mfg. Co., Dept. 215, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS! A SALE IN EVERY HOME FOR Gem Automatic Sad Iron. Burns common yard goods. Quick sales! Big profits! Large book of samples FREE. 1,000 other supplies furnished to agents. Write today. National Imperial & Mfg. Co., Dept. 16X, 878 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—$15 A DAY—EASY, QUICK SALES to every auto owner. Write today. $1.50 premium free to every customer. Simply show our beautiful line of guaranteed tailored to measure sets. Appeals instantly. We deliver and collect. Big profits. Big line of samples. Madison St., Dept. 23-P, Chicago.

AGENTS—NEW INTERLOCK GUARANTEED hosiery for men, women, children. All styles, colors. Will sing, wear or replaced free. 12 months demand—Stake $10 a day. Big profits. Outfit furnished. Samples to start you. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample Dept., Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING A Bliss Native Herbs, manufactured since 1858 to relieve constipation, indigestion, biliousness. Some agents make as high as $60 per month in spare time, $3 per day to-day. We tell you how. Dept. C 4, Alcuna Co., Rhine Cliff, New York. (Estab. 1858.)

GENERAL AGENTS. SOMETHING NEW. Sells on sight. Every automobile owner a customer. Washes clothes without rubbing. Women throng to washboards. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today for free package. Kitteredge Co., 1721 Pocahontas St., Tunkhannock, Pa.

SELL TAILORING DURING SPARE TIME. Big profits. Complete line of 500 all-wool virgin wool tailored to measure suits and overcoats $21.50. Write for beautiful sample free. Monarch Tailoring Co., 109 Fifth Ave. Dept. M-6, New York.

100 PER CENT PROFIT SELLING OUR FELT rugs to home, hotels, offices, etc. Repeat business. Sell 500 feet per month to jobbers. Prices defy competition. $75 week easy. Newark Felt Rug Company, 57-S 18th Ave., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS—MEN OR WOMEN $6.25 A DAY handling guaranteed hosiery among friends near home. Pleasant, easy work. No capital required. Write for sample outfit, full particulars. Dept. 109, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifixes, frames, sheet pictures, 20 finishes; Indian relics, Indian signs, silk and wool hose, rugs, and 50 other specialties explained in our big, illustrated catalog free. Jax C. Bailey Co., Desk S-1, Chicago.

AGENTS. NEW WONDERFUL SELLER. A Over 100% profit. Every auto owner buys. Ten-use Set. Needed in every home. Washes and cleans clothes without rubbing. Write Year round seller. Write Harper Brush Works, Dept. 1007, Fairfield, Iowa.

AGENTS: $75.00-$100.00 WEEKLY TAKING orders for popular price-smashing raincoats. Big weekly representative's check. Complete shipment. We collect. Free coats. Eagle Raincoat Co., 590 Mid City Bank Building, Chicago.

AGENTS — EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. A Ladies' and men's full length all wool pair; 13 other numbers. 18 numbers in men's neckwear in 100 styles. Write for sample offer and commission. Dept. 1050-S. Q. S. Co., Lexington, Kentucky.

100% PROFIT IN SELLING BEAUTIful imitation diamond stickpins. Have wonderful fire. Write for sample. Diamond Arrested. Send 25c (coin) for sample pin and agents' proposition. Duncan, 6423 Vernon Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS: $59 A WEEK TAKING ORDERS for guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles and colors. Write for Sox Book. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Dept. 111, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. LARGE MANufacturer of handkerchiefs and dress goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Credit and exclusive territory guaranteed. Freeport Mfg. Co., 52 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS & plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware, stoves. Complete outfits furnished. W. Dodds Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—EARN $50 TO $100 A WEEK. new household invention; sells quick and fast; repeat orders; permanent business; chance of lifetime; advertising help furnished. Mago, Box 929, New Orleans, La.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

SELL MADISON "BETTER MADE" SHIRTS direct from our factory to wearer. No capital or experience necessary. Big profits. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 502 Broadway, New York.

RUMMAGE SALES MAKE $50.00 DAILY. We start you. Representatives wanted everywhere to furnish handsome, big illustrated book free. H. Palmer, 396, Wooster, O.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET PREparations plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 114 Locust, St. Louis.

EVERYBODY USES EXTRACTS. SELL E Duo Double Strength Extracts. Complete line household necessities. Big repeaters. Write today. Duo Co., Dept. 255, Attica, N. Y.

NEW WONDERFUL SEALER. BIG PROFIT every dollar taken. Deliver on spot. License unnecessary. Sample free. Mission Factory, 30 So. Halsted St., Dept. 1000, Chicago.

WE PAY $50 A WEEK AND EXPENSES and give Ford auto for men to introduce poultry and stock powder. Dispepsilo Co., D-40, Parsons, Kansas.

AGENTS—$40 SOLID 18 COMET SPRAYers and autowashers one Saturday. Profits $2.50 each. Particulars free. Established 20 years. Mueller Mfg. Co., 1600 Dodge, Sioux Falls, S. D.

SELL BOOKS, BIBLES & LIFE OF HARDing on commission. Weekly payments. Outfit furnished. Credit given. Address 1327 Fort Ann, N. Y.

AGENTS SELL JACK FROST WINTER coats, adults, children, $7.50 up. Big profits. Comple Raincoat Co., 324, Gardner, Mass.

AGENTS EXTRA MONEY. NO money required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—YOU CAN MAKE $100 A MONTH selling hair dressing. Write Richard Spencer, Mahanoy City, Pa.

HELP WANTED

EARN $15.00—$50.00 WEEKLY AT HOME. E Steady work. No canvassing. Writing distance unnecessary. Experience unnecessary. We instruct you by correspondence. Write for particulars. Authors' Press, 127 Auditorium, No. 6401 Shu-Rite Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

WANT WORK AT HOME? EARN $18 TO W $40 per week addressing envelopes for women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment and furnish starting outfit, free. Limited offer. Write today. Aircraft Studios, Dept. B, 2600 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

WANTED—MEN 18 UP. COMMENCE $133 month. Steady. Railway mail. Steamship. Travel—see country. Schedule examination places—list free. Immediate. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 25, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to write for our new work appointment chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

STAIR, MIRROR SILVERING, AUTOlight, Radio, Bulbous nail brass heads. Outfits. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Kansas City, Missouri.

SILVERING MIRRORS, FRENCH PLATE, easily learned; immense profits. Plans free. Wear Mirror Works, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

MALE HELP WANTED

EARN $110 TO $250 MONTHLY, EXPENSES E paid on Railway Mail Clerkships. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Many vacancies. Write for free booklet CM-12. Stand. Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity to earn big money, travel, thousands of delightful positions now open. Write for particulars free. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westgate Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

SHOES—BECOME OUR LOCAL SALESman, selling high grade shoes direct to wearer. Exclusive territory. Commissions. Experience not required. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co., Box 950 F, Boston, Mass.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. D Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write Wagoner Detective System, former Government Detective, 1964 Broadway, New York.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored), $140-$200. Railroads everywhere. Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS: START $133 month. Railroad passes; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED — CONFIDENTIAL INFORMAtion from your locality for secret service American Detective Department 100, Bandon, Oregon.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150-$250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?). Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT, SOUTH AMERICA, PORTto land. Steady work. Experience unnecessary. 883 employers. $1. South America Information Bureau, Portland, Ore.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY. B travel over world; experience unnecessary. Write Detective Agency, 1217 Wainwright, St. Louis.

ALL MEN, WOMEN, BOYS, GIRLS 17 TO 65 A willing to accept Government positions, $117-$238, traveling or stationary; write Mr. Clement, 166, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNM necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American Foreign Detective Agency, 125, St. Louis.

MEN WANTED. RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. M Particulars free. Franklin Institute, Dept. D 6, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DEA string plain home sewing. No canvassing. Child's work or spare moments only. Address, send twelve cents for sample, information. Good Wear Garment Co., 2300 Calumet, Dept. 8, Chicago.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE E time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us; experience unnecessary. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 1215, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

EARN $20 WEEKLY SPARE TIME AT E home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 6c for particulars. National American Music Co. 1658 Broadway, Dept. R-8, N. Y.

MALE AND FEMALE HELP WANTED

WRITERS MAKE BIG MONEY; STORIES, W poems, plays are wanted at once for publication. Send num. or write News Bureau, Lone Wolf, Okla.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$5000 YEARLY INCOME PAID THOUSANDS $ who invested in Texas lands. $2 may start like investors. Write quickly; possibly more. We get warranty deed, interest in well, participating interest in royalty oil production. Resultcount. Bank reference, established facts free. Smith, Lindsey & Co., Dept. 1, Fort Worth, Texas. It pays to win. Souriake Texas Oil Co., 611 Bennett, St. Louis, Mo.

MONEY IN COTTON—$10 BUYS GUARAN teed 20 bales cotton. No further risk. Unlimited profits. Opportunity of lifetime. Particulars, market letter free. Investors Guide, Room 410, Memphis, Tenn.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODGE stone tricks. Catalog free. B. I. Smith Newton, Kansas.

BOOKS AND MAGIC TRICKS

200 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of instructive, entertaining books and magic tricks. Stamp appreciated. Department 14, Station R, Box 24, New York.

BOOKS

ELIJAH COMING BEFORE JESUS, WONE derful book free. Megiddo Bureau, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS PROCURED. SEND SKETCH OR model for search. Prompt report and advice. No charge for preliminary advice. Write for free booklet and blank form on which to discuss your idea. Highest references. Careful, prompt service. Clarence O'Brien, Registered Patent Lawyer, 303 Security Bldg., Washington, D. C. Also Woolworth Building, corner Barclay street from Patent office, Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS DESIRING TO SECURE PATent should write for our guide book "How to Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for our opinion free whether patentable nature. Randolph Co., Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENT PARTICULARS" FREE. WRITE "now. Sterling Back, Washington, D. C. (1923).

FOR SALE—MOTORCYCLES

USED MOTORCYCLE BARGAINS—INDIANS, up Harleys. Excelsiors at big reductions. $50.00 up. Many other makes. Write for approval. Easy payments. Big fall sale now on. Send stamp for bargain list. Clymer, the Motorcycle Man, Denver, Colo.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

TWENTY MILLION GERMAN MARK BANKnote for sale. Send cash to Rivers Hicks, Kentville, Nova Scotia.

FOR SALE

ARTIFICIAL EYES. FREE BOOKLET FREE. A Denver Optic, 508 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE, $5 DOWN $5 monthly. Buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Talk, Carlisle, Mo.

TEXAS LANDS

50c AN ACRE MONTHLY BUYS TEXAS and Arkansas land. Unlimited oil possibilities. Write Investors Company, 708 Bedell Building, San Antonio, Texas.

ARIZONA FARM LANDS

BETTER OPPORTUNITIES AWAIT YOU IN B Arizona. Reclamation Service projects irrigated by the great Roosevelt Dam yields big crops. Farms for sale on easy terms. Generously priced lands, easy terms. Unequaled climate. Raise alfalfa, cotton, livestock, winter vegetables, oranges, grapefruit or dairy and poultry products. Ideal climate for dairying and dairy farm with good local markets. Paved roads, good schools and city conveniences in reclamation districts. Winter days are days of sunshine. Here you have a big opportunity. Write today for free Arizona folder. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Room 1, Dept. 963 Ry. Exch. Chicago.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, GARAGEMEN, A mechanics, send for free copy America's popular motor magazine. Contains helpful, money-saving articles on repairing, overhauling, ignition, carburetors, batteries, etc. Automobile Digest, 539 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

PICTURES—BOOKS

"JACK SKINNETT BATHING BEAUTIES." A movie star photographs, books, cards, magic tricks, catalog free. Photographic Co., 6975 Pingree, Chicago.

DOGS

SEVERAL WELL TRAINED HUNTING S hounds, male and female, guaranteed to please you at a real bargain; right ages. Write for full description and send you want. P. O. Box 14, Paris, Texas.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF W you want health, courage and strength you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 218 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MEN — OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS M to restore strength to those troubled with nervousness, lost vitality, varicocele and conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing to write. Address Dept. 1, Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. HUNDREDS WEALTHY. LARgest, best, most reliable club. Quickest results. Write, be convinced. Confidential. Descriptions free. Mrs. Budd, Box 752, San Francisco, Calif.

BE LUCKY. ZODIAC FIN $1. RING $2.50. B Sterling silver. Twelve different signs. Elaborate catalog free, with your first book money order. Astra Khan, Park Row Building, Box 76, New York, N. Y.

ABSORPTIVE TREATMENT FOR URINARY, A prostatic, diseases, stricture, varicocele, amazing results; name disease. Trial package today, 60 cts. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WORLD'S LEADING MATRIMONIAL CLUB W introduces to earth ladies 18,000 worth willing to marry. List free. Quick results guaranteed. Honorable Ralph Hyde, 56, San Francisco.

LONELY HEARTS, JOIN OUR CLUB, BE L happy, successful; many everywhere, many wealthy; descriptions, photos free; sealed. Successful method, 21 years' experience. Standard Corr. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH M 1000 descriptions free. Pay if you get married. The Exchange, Dept. 53, Kansas City, Mo.

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. A Send birthdate and dime for trial reading. Ridley, 3-H Station A, Kansas City, Missouri.

HOW TO FARM—BOOKLET DESCRIBIN free our home-treatment remedies and specialties, world renowned. Write Acme Sales Co., Dept. B, Empire Bldg., Denver, Colo.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECtory and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

NOTICE—A LARGE COLLECTION OF PIC tures and descriptions of beautiful ladies seeking mates sent upon request. Address Prof. Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTIseptic Leather Plaster. Describe sores and get free sample. Hayles Distributing Co., 1103 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

SIXTH AND SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, M Egyptian secrets. Black art, other rare books. Catalog free. Original Pub. Co., 1116 Germain Society, Dept. 312, Chicago, Ill.

BALD HEADS NO CURE NO PAY, CURES B guaranteed or money back. Superbox hair cured at home. Natural hair color restored. Write Superbox, 1107 Minneapolis Minn.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS. REMOVE H fine fuzzy roots. $10.00. Superfluous hair removed. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DEM scriptions and photos. Select Co., Dept. 9, Kansas City, Mo.

BRIDES! GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORrespondents. Population 15c. Postage 18. Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

MARRY — BIG MATRIMONIAL PAPER. M Largest marriage club in world. Violet 1567, Denison, Ohio.

MARRY — BEST MATRIMONIAL M paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondence Club, Box 1, Olathe, Kans.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY M Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

LONESOME? GET MARRIED, MANY L wealthy members. Lonely Hearts Club, (A7) 64 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SWEETHEARTS, DO YOU WANT ONE? S Join our Correspondence Club. Particulars for stamp. Betty Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York.

FREE—"BEAUTY AIDS FOR EVERY WOM F an." Write today. Mme. Leah, 309 Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE, ILLUSTRAT M ed, tells how to marry rich and men. 10c. Bli, Box 178, New Haven, Conn.

YOUNG AND PRETTY GIRL, VERY Y wealthy, to marry. Club, B-1005, Wichita, Kansas.

LONELY ONES JOIN OUR FRIENDSHIP L Club. Write Bertha Moss, 329 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. (Stamp.)

LADIES, DO YOU WISH A WEALTHY, L pretty husband, write me. Box 894, Station B, Cleveland, Ohio.

WRITE ME TODAY, MY POWERFUL W home treatment will soon restore you. Prof. Graham, Dept. 1, Toledo, Ohio.

YOUNG LADY, WORTH $30,000, PRETTY, Y will marry. Club, Box L-50, Cimarron, Kansas.

LONESOME? MAKE NEW FRIENDS. L Write Dolly Gray Club, Box 1564M, Denver, Colorado. Stamp appreciated.

MATRIMONIAL MAGAZINE—PHOTOS, DEM scriptions, many rich, want to marry. Send 10c. Bli, Box 178, New Haven, Conn.

CATHOLICS, WISHING TO MARRY, BOOK C let free. Address Home Club, L-Box 23, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WIDOW, 45, WORTH $100,000, DESIRES W speedy marriage. L-Box 846, League, Denver, Colo.

COLDS CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE. C Send $1.00. E. Meyer, 4113 Hartford, St. Louis.

WINTER IN FLORIDA, WRITE CHARMW ing widow, worth $80,000. Box 3, Oxford, Fla.

MARRY ME—WEALTHY, BUT ONE, 30 M lonesome. Girlie, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

BACHELOR, 38, WORTH $100,000, WOULD B marry soon. Y-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

IF YOU WANT A PAL WRITE NANCY BELL, Box 782, Philadelphia, Penn. (Stamp.)

BEAUTIFUL WEALTHY LITTLE GIRL, 31, B Will marry. Write Box 511, Huntsville, Ala.

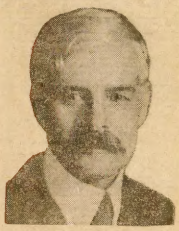
The Biggest Opportunity of Your Life

Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You $100 a Week?

I want to make you a special new offer whereby you can earn from $100 to $1,000 a month, cash. And I am going to tell you how to get started immediately without waiting or delay.

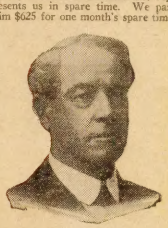
$3 an Hour

Carl F. King, of Kentucky, a machinist, says: "Since I received my outfit, the time I've spent calling on customers has paid me $3.00 an hour profit."



$625 a Month

Andrew B. Spencer, of Pennsylvania, is an insurance man who represents us in spare time. We paid him $625 for one month's spare time.



Large and Steady Profits

J. J. Maher, of Maine, finds the Comer Business a sure way to steady and large profits. He averages $250 to $350 a month and frequently goes over the $500 mark.

$256 for One Month's Spare Time

F. E. Wright, South Carolina railroad man, finds the Comer Agency a great profit maker. $256.56 For one month's leisure hours' effort.

You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience, and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as $69.50 for one day's work.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet, of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned $243. Inside of six months he was making between $800 and $1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him $2 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make $9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it?

A Clean, High-grade, Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials—for men, women and children, and sells for **less** than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay our representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders.

And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory, and get **your** share of that money. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order. You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only two average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you can make $48 a week and more.

This Auto Free!

In addition to your big earnings I offer you a Buick Touring Car, without a cent of cost, that you can use to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon NOW.

Maybe You Are Worth $1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of $40 in his first day's work—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger $20 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer $625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need five hundred men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. I will send you a complete outfit. I will send you a beautiful style book and samples of cloth. I will tell you where to go, what to say, and how to succeed. Inside of thirty days you can have hundreds of dollars in cash.

All you need do to-day is write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, you invest no money, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance without waiting—without delay and without investment—to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Mail the coupon now.

C. E. Comer
THE COMER MFG. COMPANY
Dept. SBB-195, Dayton, Ohio

JUST MAIL THIS NOW!

The Comer Mfg. Co.,
Dept. SBB-195, Dayton, O.

Please send me, without expense or obligation, your special proposition, together with complete outfit and instructions, so I can begin at once to earn money.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

(Write or Print Plainly.)